THE NEW PLVTARCH

COLIGNY

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GASPARD DE COLIGNY

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GASPARD DE COLIGNY

(MARQUIS DE CHATILLON)

ADMIRAL OF FRANCE; COLONEL OF FRENCH INFANTRY; GOVERNOR OF PICARDY, ILE DE FRANCE, PARIS, AND HAVRE

BY

WALTER BESANT, M.A.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"

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PREFACE.

THE murder of Admiral Coligny, on the day of Bartholomew, 1572, proved the death-blow to the French Reformation. Other things, of course, contributed to this failure. I advanced the opinion four years ago, in a paper published in the *British Quarterly*, that one great cause was the fact that the scholars and divines of France did not take part in the movement. On the contrary, they held themselves aloof or condemned it. While in England the great scholars and eminent divines all came over to the new Faith, in France we see them either openly hostile or else indifferent, coldly waiting to see the event of the struggle.

There is, in the history of every religious persecution, a dreadful monotony of enthusiasm, patience, and perseverance. All can endure who believe; but the blood of English martyrs bore fruit in English freedom, while that of their French brethren would seem to have been spilt in vain. The little volume which follows tries to show how one man, a man of indomitable patience, steadfastness, and clearness of brain, brought together the Protestantism which lay scattered loosely over the whole country, and which, had it not been for him, would have been stamped out in detail, as it was in Spain and Italy; how he fought a losing fight, but never gave way; and how, when

the cause seemed actually won, he was struck down by an act of treachery the like of which there is none in history, nor will be, let us hope, while the world lasts.

I believe I am right in stating that no life of Coligny has yet been published in England. My materials have been gathered from various sources, most of which are well known to all readers in that period—such as the memoirs of La Noue, Tavannes, and others; Haag's *La France Protestante;* the works of Sismondi, De Thou, Prince Caraman Chimay, Tessier, Brantôme, and many others. I trust that this record of the great Admiral may help forward the cause for which, as it seems, we shall never cease to struggle, however often it is won—that of religious and political liberty.

I have endeavoured in this little volume to present faithfully the record of a life whose greatness is such that words of mine are unequal to the task of adequately pourtraying it. Surely, one feels who has dwelt long upon this portrait, there is no one, in all the long list of French worthies, like unto the Admiral, worthy to stand beside him. Other great men adorned that age of struggle and upheaval: he overshadows them all. It is in the earnest hope that his history may serve at once as an encouragement and an example that I send it forth.

W. B.

United University Club,
February, 1879.

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GASPARD DE COLIGNY.

CHAPTER I.

CHATILLON-SUR-LOING.

THE sleepy little town of Chatillon-sur-Loing stands alone, and well separated from any neighbours, about one hundred miles south-east of Paris, in the Department of Loiret. Its nearest railway station is Nogent-sur-Vernisson, a country-side station, where few trains stop and few passengers descend. One or two visitors, chiefly from America, alight here in the course of the year, and look about for some conveyance which will take them to see the town and castle of the great Coligny.

Between Nogent and Chatillon a broad level road, well kept up, runs, nine miles long, through a rich and highly-cultivated country. It is an open road. There are no gracious hedge-rows smiling with luxuriance of wild flowers, as in England, nor does the thrift of the cultivators

allow the useless waste of umbrageous trees. The level land stretches away on either hand, unbroken in its flatness, save for the low line of trees on the horizon which seems never wanting in a French landscape. Scattered over its face are patches of corn, patches of vines, patches of vegetables. There are also, planted at irregular intervals along the road-side, apple-trees laden with fruit, protected partly by the loneliness of the way, and partly by the sourness of the fruit, which is destined to make cider. Along this great length of white road only one or two houses break the monotony. One of them is a gentleman's country-seat, the others are farm-houses of antique type—bare, gaunt, with high gables, large court-yards, and ancient barns. All the way there is no village, no church, no other sign of human habitation than these few houses. Here and there in the fields you may see a single labourer, bending over his vines and weeding his potatoes. One wonders how far he has walked to reach his patch. Here and there, too, one notices a rude hut built with clay and roughly thatched, or else a mere hole dug out in a bank of earth, in which a *garde champêtre* may take refuge, or a belated traveller sleep on the straw which lies ready for his pillow. A hot dazzling road, with no beauty of slope or hill, no affectionate shading of trees, no soft wayside turf; a level country; a strange absence of life and move-

ment; a feeling that the seed is sown, the plants tended, the harvest reaped, by invisible hands.

All these broad acres, and many more than we can see, belonged once to Gaspard de Coligny, Marquis de Chatillon. In his day they were mostly covered with the forest and jungle which had spread over nearly the whole of France during the hundred years of war, when everybody sought refuge beneath the walls of some strong castle, and meadows more than a bow-shot beyond the ramparts of a town were left uncultivated. Things were growing better at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The roads had been cleared of the *routiers*. Gangs of disbanded soldiers no longer roamed up and down the country, driving the villagers to take refuge in the towns, lifting the cattle, pillaging the cottages. The bands of brigands who, a generation before, shared the forests with the wolves, were broken up. The sentinel stood on the walls, but he slept. The ploughman had returned to clear the fields; there was once more tolerable security for his crops; there was no necessity, save that of habit, for locking up the town-gates and posting the guard at nightfall. The religious wars had not begun, and were not even threatening. France was internally prosperous and peaceful.

Chatillon was then, and is now, a very quiet little town. To keep itself awake, it makes pre-

tence at some kind of cloth mystery; yet it is, in spite of this make-believe, more sleepy and quiet than any English town that one can think of. There are, to begin with, none of the indications of a better class which are seen in English towns of similar size; no pretty villas and pleasant houses standing among shrubs and flowers, where maiden ladies, retired officers, and successful tradesmen pass the placid evening of their days: the houses at Chatillon consist entirely of small shops or small cottages. The town has several streets. In the broadest stands a hotel, whose only visitors are the *commis voyageurs*. Here, too, are the better shops—here one beholds the only signs of life which the town has to offer. Look up the street. What you see to-day, you would see every day: a boy in a blouse leading a horse to the stable; the cook in the hotel kitchen—which is, for the sake of company, open to the street on one side, and the *salle à manger* on the other—cutting up carrots, while his wife, the landlord's daughter, is volubly cheapening a melon at the door; the owner of the draper's shop over the way yawning audibly and stretching his arms, and in the road a bevy of geese disputing in angry tones.

Turning off the broad and empty main street, we pass into a narrow lane paved with cobbles, and as full of unsavoury smells as if it was ambitious, and wished to be thought connected with a great city.

Here are the work-people—the shoemaker, the tailor, the tinsmith, and the dressmaker—all busy at their trades, with open doors and windows, so that they can, and do, converse with one another. It is ten o'clock in the morning, and, distinguishable among the smells which hang all the year round about a narrow street in a French town, is a certain mingled fragrance of fried onions, fried potatoes, burning fat, and broiled meat, which means the approach of a substantial breakfast. Passing through this street, we emerge upon the Place, a mean and squalid square. On the west side stands a tumbledown Hotel de Ville, one of those buildings which, like some old men, inspire no respect by reason of their age. It is old without being venerable. Its roof is lofty, however, and its plain windows are of ancient date; they may belong to the sixteenth century. In the centre of the Place stands a small pillar, which tells the traveller nothing at all. High up the street, now rising with a gentle ascent, we come to an old gate, on the right of which is the church. The church stands on the site (it may be the same church) of that in which Coligny's ministers once preached. Over the gate is a clock-tower. Both gate and tower once formed part of the outer wall which defended the great Castle of Chatillon. We pass through it and find, first of all, a small round tower, a detached keep, an outlying Peel, surrounded on three sides by water. A few steps

farther on, and we are at the modern entrance of the castle itself.

Standing here, before we pass through the gate into the castle, we are high enough to look down upon the whole town. We see now why it is called Chatillon-sur-Loing. The little river Loing, about twenty feet wide, runs winding in and out among the houses, half of which stand upon its banks. The town could never have been much larger, nor, apparently, much smaller. There are no new houses, everything is old, and, seen from this monticule, everything looks tranquil and happy: a town whose pleasures are simple, in which the landmarks of life are few: a town whose people grow old imperceptibly, being always engaged in the same pursuits and the same talk, so that when they are fain to lie down at length, they are not yet tired, and wonder at man's span being limited to three-score years and ten: a town full of flowers and fruit. The sun-flowers and the hollyhocks are flaunting in front of the cottages and beside the banks of the river. There, too, flourish the tall flag and the meadow-sweet. The apples are rosy and bright in the little orchards behind the houses; peaches and plums hang upon the walls, and everywhere the bounteous vines, already purple with the clusters of late August, spread their abundant leaves and stretch their prolific branches, to enrich and beautify what else might be a mean and squalid

homestead. As we see the place now, so it was in the time when the great Admiral came in his rare days of leisure to stay in his castle. The streets were the same of aspect; the houses were the same. The difference is not so much in externals as in the inner life. The soul has gone out of the place. The people whom Coligny encouraged to talk and think of things high and spiritual, talk now and think only of the thrifty franc. All the difference, external and internal, which time has wrought is to the disadvantage of Chatillon. When it was the seat of a great lord, it was bright and splendid with the knights, the pages, the men-at-arms, and the retinue of the Seigneur. Now, a *garde champêtre* is nearly the only man in the street who does not wear a blouse. When the great lord was also the head and chief of those who looked to regenerate France, yon old church, now decked with its tawdry dolls, its tinsel altar, its tall candles, and its daubs of saint and martyr, stood stripped of its symbolical trappings, ready to hear, with all severity of external aspect, the naked truth, such as the foremost men of the country could discern it. In that time, too, yon grey old building by the bridge, the Hotel Dieu, founded and maintained by the seigneur, was a college of free thought and noble learning Thought and learning have been banished. Where the young

men were taught wisdom and liberty of reason, little children now learn from nuns—poor things!—to lisp by rote a dogma on the fear of priests.

Looking upon Chatillon-sur-Loing of the present, and thinking of the past, one is tempted to ask whether there is any assurance that the human race shall not be driven backward in its course. Here was once liberty—here was once a spot from which, for a brief time, the priest had to withdraw his presence. Will it ever come to pass that some traveller in England will be able to stand as we stand here, and say, "Here, in the brave days of old, was once freedom—here men would push aside the priest and his bag of pretensions, and stand face to face with God"?

The church, the gate and clock-tower, the Place, the broad street, the winding lanes, and the river, make up the town of Chatillon-sur-Loing. They still show two old houses—one called *le Paradis*, where the orthodox are supposed to have met in order to sustain their faith; the other called *l'Enfer*, where the Calvinists met to preach and pray. No visitors are expected to journey thither; there are not even any photographs of the place to be bought; it all lies out of the way—quiet, forgotten, and dreamy.

But there is plenty to see besides the town—for close to us there is the Castle which once belonged to Coligny. We may enter by permission of its owners

—a permission generously accorded. The Castle itself, now entirely destroyed, was once one of the most splendid fortresses in Eastern France; not so magnificently placed or so strong by position as that of Chinon, Angoulême, or Blois; not so grim as black Angers; but capable of holding a garrison of many thousand men, and strong enough to resist a siege conducted on mediæval methods as long as men and provisions held out. It consists of a vast enclosure, round which runs a fosse, now dry. The external wall is still standing in parts. On the south side, where only the supporting walls of the fosse remain, are gardens and shady walks in terraces; one of these terraces lies along the very line of the old wall. There is, within the enclosure, an old deep well for the supply of the garrison; and at the north of the enclosure, which is now a kind of park for the modern house of the present owner, Count Dorrien, there stands, almost alone, the old donjon keep of the Castle. Nothing else remains of the buildings, except, on either side of the tower, walls and foundations which show the original plan of this the earliest and most important part of the Castle buildings. It was in one of these chambers, the original position of which can still be traced out, that Coligny was born. And it is in this unconsecrated and yet most sacred ground, that the remains of the most noble of all Frenchmen still repose. The

tower, about sixty feet high, is a remarkable building, probably of the twelfth century. It is octagonal, and strengthened by narrow buttresses, like pillars, running up to the top of the tower. The walls would seem to need no additional strength, for they are ten feet thick. Near the top is a curious projecting slab of stone, with under supports and a sort of stone canopy, the use of which I do not know: the people call it Cæsar's chair. The stone staircase is *pratiqué* in the wall. The tower consists of two chambers, the stone floor of the upper one supported on a vast pillar and a vaulted roof in the lower; on the top is a gallery, running completely round the tower, six feet wide. From this gallery the Seigneur de Chatillon could look out upon the forest, some of which still remains, and upon the town at his feet, every man in which was subject to himself, and upon the court-yard of his Castle, where his soldiers were exercising, and his boys and pages learning the use of weapons. Life to such a great lord as the Seigneur de Chatillon meant, in those days, command, sovereign power, and responsibility. He did not reign—he ruled.

Here Coligny lies buried.

On a stone slab, eight feet high by twenty inches broad, is an inscription which is here reproduced in full. The preamble contains the history of the precious bones which lie beneath.

LES PRECIEUX RESTES DE

L'AMIRAL GASPARD DE COLIGNY,

Receuillis après le Saint Barthélemy
par les soins du Maréchal de
Montmorency, son cousin, furent
lors de la rehabilitation de
l'Amiral, qui eut lieu par lettres
patentes du Roi Henry IV., données
le 10 Juin, 1599, successivement deposés
à Chantilly, à Montauban, puis à
Chatillon-sur-Loing, duché dependant
de l'apanage de la Maison de Coligny
transferés en 1786 à Maupertuis
dans un monument élevé en son
souvenir par M. le Marquis de
Montesquieu relevés ensuite de ce
monument en 1793 ils ont été conservés
par sa famille jusqu'à 1851, époque
ou M. le Comte Anatole de
Montesquieu en a fait la remise à
M. C. Emmanuel Sigismond de
Montmorency Luxembourg, Duc
de Luxembourg, de Piney, et de
Chatillon-sur-Loing, ancien
pair de France, Capitaine des Gardes
du Corps des Rois Louis XVIII.
et Charles X., qui, pour honorer la
mémoire d'Amiral de Coligny,
a deposé le 29 Sept., 1851, les
dépouilles mortelles dans les ruines
du Château (Duché de Chatillon-
sur-Loing) à l'endroit même ou
l'Amiral a pris naissance dans le
séjour objet de son affection.

Içi reposent
les restes de
Gaspard de Coligny,
Amiral de France,
tué au Saint Barthélemy
le 24 Aôut, 1572.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

THE French Reformation dawned with every promise of a successful and triumphant career. Scholars, not ignorant enthusiasts, began the teaching which would lead to separation from Rome. Nobles, princes, gentle ladies, all the best hope and flower of France, threw the strength of their hearts into the cause. Wherever, in France, a man was induced to think and read for himself, he came over from the opposite camp. It seemed, at the outset, as if ignorance and stupidity alone would remain in the old faith.

The Reformed Church of France was founded neither by Luther nor Melancthon, nor by any of the Swiss and German preachers. Calvin, the most illustrious of her sons, was received into her communion, then already formed: he did not create it. The new Church grew quite spontaneously and naturally, with no violent break-out of the new learning. Had not Lefèvre preached a doctrine in

accordance with the New Testament, some other would; had there been no Farel, some other would have taken his place. For reformation was in the air. Men, when they learned to read Greek, to compare the ideal Church with the real, to question the doctrines and pretensions of Rome, had already commenced the journey of which the inevitable end was schism, radical reform, or repression.

France, the mother of ideas, always leads. It was in 1512, four years before Martin Luther affixed to the door of the Cathedral of Wittenburg the ninety-five theses which emancipated Germany, that Lefèvre began preaching on justification by faith. It was in 1521 that he published the four Gospels in French. At the same time, encouraged by Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, and assisted by Farel, Michel d'Arande, Gerard Roussel, and Vatable, he scattered abroad copies of his translation, and proclaimed the new doctrines, without secession from the Church—first in private houses, and then, encouraged by the Bishop, in the cathedral and churches of the diocese of Meaux.

It was in Picardy that the movement began; it was carried thence all over France. Roussel taught the new doctrines in the extreme south-west, as Bishop of Oleron, until he was murdered by a fanatic in the very pulpit. Farel, the most fiery of the Reformers, preached in Dauphiny; Caturce taught

in Toulouse; Michel d'Arande at Macon; Maigret at Lyons; Melchior Wolman at Orleans. Everywhere the common people, especially those who had learned to read and possessed the Gospels, followed the new teaching. Meaux was full of the reformed; the priests were deserted. One district of Normandy grew to be so full of heretics, that it was called Little Germany. To all observers, it seemed that the logical mind of France was seizing on the doctrine of these new preachers.

But, while the new ideas began not only to penetrate into the lower strata, but also to possess the minds of the higher classes, the Doctors of the Sorbonne, unfortunately, remained hostile to the movement. Their most formidable antagonist was a gentleman named Louis de Berquin, the translator of Luther. Presently it became known that Marguerite, the King's sister, favoured the new opinions. Many ladies of the Court, notably Louise de Montmorency, wife of the Marquis de Chatillon, studied the Gospels, and listened to the new expounders. The King himself was suspected of a leaning to heresy. Political reasons seemed to recommend an alliance with the German princes which would lead to the toleration, at least, of the new religion. Day after day, letters were passed from hand to hand, with good news from here and there, holding out the hope of the conversion of the King, encouraging the

faithful to stand fast, and recording the triumphant march of the Reformation.

To a boy born in the earliest years of this movement, brought up by a woman of great intellectual strength and strong natural piety, who was friendly to the Reformers, and ready, if necessary, to acknowledge her opinions; educated by a man whose scorn for the priests was as intense as that of Farel himself; who was taught to see on the one hand superstition and ignorance, and on the other a small band of apostles preaching better things, and an ever-increasing army of scholars and students who seemed only waiting the opportunity to declare themselves; who was perpetually hearing of the progress of "the Religion;" who was perpetually exhorted by his tutor to admire the fortitude of those who were martyred—the new faith, when his mind became fully prepared to consider it, would naturally appear not only the highest expression of truth attainable, but also the form of religion to which the nation was certainly gravitating—the religion of future France. To such a lad, hope would become the natural predecessor and ally of faith; he would, ever after, in spite of all reverses and difficulties, regard the future of the Reformation as assured. A man with such a training could never be brought to believe that Protestantism in France was doomed to perish.

Such a boy was Gaspard de Coligny. Among

such influences he was brought up; he became, in consequence, when circumstances placed him in the front, not only a Captain of the Faith, but the one Captain whose courage never quailed, whose hope never faltered.

The key-note of Coligny's character is this undoubting and steadfast hope.

The House of Coligny was, next to those of Montmorency, Rohan, Laval, and a few others, and always excepting the semi-royal House of Lorraine, one of the first in France. The ancestry of the family was traced to the first Duke of Burgundy. In the sixteenth century, they had been a great House for four hundred years and more. They founded the Abbey of Le Mireur, in 1121; those of Montmerle and Ceillon, in 1202. Humbert de Coligny is said to have followed Conrad III. in the second Crusade, but the name does not occur in the Cartulary of Jerusalem or in the lists of the *Familles d'Outre Mer*. After the manner of the vaunting mediæval ignorance, some head of the House assumed the eagle as their crest, and pretended that it marked descent from one of the Gallic ambassadors who received Julius Cæsar. The place from which they took their name is a small town, or village, in the Department of Ain, on the line from Lyons to Strasbourg, some forty miles west of Geneva and

twenty-five north-east of Macon. About a hundred years before the birth of the future Admiral, the family removed from Coligny to Chatillon-sur-Loing, from which place they took their title.

The House of Coligny, in the same way as hundreds of families in England, lived for centuries upon their paternal acres, and sent their sons, with the best advantages, wherever fighting or the Church might win for a cadet honour and fortune. For generations, the tenacity of the family seems wholly occupied in keeping what they have got. Yet, out of these ranks of gentle blood, once in a while there arises a Cromwell, a Pitt, or a Wellington. There had been men distinguished, if not great, in the Coligny family before Gaspard. Jean de Chatillon fought at Montlhéry against Charles the Bold, and won great honour. Jacques de Chatillon, the Admiral's uncle, was friend and favourite of Charles VIII. Of him it was said—

> Chatillon, Bourdillon et Bonneval,
> Gouvernent le sang royal.

And the Admiral's father, high in favour with Francis the First, was Marshal of France, Governor of Picardy, Lieutenant of the Principality of Orange and the County of Guienne. Not much is known of this Marshal de Chatillon. Brantôme says that he was a man "whose counsel the King greatly used, as was but right, seeing that he had a good head as well

as a stout arm." He married Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Constable, Anne de Montmorency, and widow of Frederic de Mailly, Baron of Conty, by whom she had one daughter, Madeleine.[1] The issue of her second marriage consisted of four boys—Pierre, Odet, Gaspard, and François. Of Pierre, who died in 1534, nothing is said. Following the dates generally received, Odet was born in 1515, Gaspard in 1517, and François in 1521. The Marshal died at Dax, in the year 1522, as he was marching south to relieve Fontarabia. He was then only thirty-seven years of age. His widow, left with four boys, of whom the youngest, François, was only one year old, betook herself wholly to the care of the great Chatillon property and the education of her sons, according to her idea of what a gentleman's education should be.

It is not difficult to understand what was this idea. Louise de Montmorency—a *grande dame de par le monde*—a daughter of the greatest of French Houses—one of those who boasted for their ancestor the first Frank who stepped after King Clovis into the baptismal font—the "Premier Chrétien"—a woman who could look back upon a roll of warriors

[1] Madeleine married Charles de Roye, Count of Rosny. Her daughter, Eleanore, married Louis Prince de Condé, who was thus nephew to the Admiral.

as illustrious as any royal line—the disciple of those good ladies, Anne of Brittany and the gentle Queen Claude—the guardian of the pious Marguerite—a grave, religious lady, who read and thought for herself—was not content with any but the highest standard of excellence. Her sons were the inheritors of a noble name; they were born to take their place in the front—to bear the brunt of battle, the burden of responsibility, perhaps the odium of defeat. They must be trained to take their stations without pride and without fear. They must, therefore, first be taught the manners which then, far more than now, separated gentle from simple, noble from bourgeois, bourgeois from villain; they must be drilled in military exercises, daily practised in tilt and tourney, taught the use of arms and the art of war; because they would afterwards be called upon to command, they must first learn to obey; because they would, in after life, administrate justice, they must learn what was meant by law and order; they must be taught to be stern and hard where pity to one meant mischief to many. As regards books, it was the time of the new learning. The boys' fathers had been ignorant; they were content to sign their names to documents, to read or hear read the "Romance of the Rose," the sweet, monotonous ditties of Charles of Orleans, or the gentle pastorals of René. Things were changed. It was now becoming a shame for

a youth of gentle blood to be unlearned. Her sons must be clerks as well as knights. In the matter of morals, a woman of such a school held a creed no lower than that which contents the noblest and highest mind of the nineteenth century. Her sons would be soldiers, but not comrades in evil with every roystering barrack companion. Truth, chastity, courage, and justice were the virtues which Louise taught her boys. And as for religion? I have said that Gaspard de Coligny grew up in a time and amidst events which made him, through all his life, hopeful of the future. Yet his mother did not force the new opinions upon him, nor was it till after many years that he saw his duty plainly marked—to profess openly the religion with which he had been led from boyhood to sympathise.

A word more on the progress and prospects of that religion during his early years.

Between the year 1512, when Lefèvre's Gospels were published, and 1538, when the interview between Francis and Charles decided the former to adhere to Catholicism, the balance seemed evenly held between the two parties. The great scholars of France—Budé, Poncher, Delvine, Parvi, Cop, and others, who enjoyed the favour and protection of the King—ardently desired an unforced reform of the Church; and not only did they desire it, but they believed that it was coming. France anticipated

England in theory. The French scholars hoped, in 1515, that Francis would do exactly what Henry did twenty years later. Lefèvre d'Etaples, writing to Zwingle, declared that God would renew the world, and that he should live to see the divinely-wrought reform. In 1518, the anonymous author of "Le Triumphe des Vertus," dedicated to the Queen-mother, Louise, openly attacks the ultramontane despotism. In 1520, Loret (Glareanus) writes to Zwingle, that "no books are asked for more eagerly than those of Luther, especially that 'De Captivitate Babylonicâ.'" The King, Marguerite his sister, and the Queen-mother heard with attention the exhortations of Michel d'Arande, who, in 1522, writes to Briçonnet, that "le roi et Madame ont bien délibéré de donner à connaître que la vérité de Dieu n'est point hérésie." The Queen-mother herself writes in her journal of the same year—"In December, my son and I, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, began to understand and to know the hypocrites—white, black, grey, and all colours. From such may God, by His clemency and infinite goodness, preserve and defend us! for, since Jesus Christ cannot lie, there is no more dangerous generation in the whole human race." At the same time, the persecution was stayed. Simon de Colines and Robert Estienne issued cheap and handy New Testaments in French. Early in 1523, Francis Lambert of Avignon wrote to the

Elector of Saxony that the whole of France was in movement, and that, before long, news would arrive which would fill his heart with joy. Berquin went on publishing Luther's books, undeterred by the threatenings of the Sorbonne. Caroli preached the Gospel in Paris unmolested: "enseignant que Dieu n'a pas besoin de vicaire sur terre, que Jésus Christ seul, et non la Vierge, est notre foi et notre espérance, qu'il n'y a point de purgatoire, que le culte doit être célébré dans la langue du peuple."

Then came the reaction which followed the disaster of Pavia. Yet that seemed nothing more than a temporary check, and the hearts of the Reformers were still full of courage.

So much for the outer world. As regards the little world of Chatillon, the boys were favourably inclined to "the Religion" by the two persons who had the greatest influence over them—their mother and their tutor—and from them would learn how the cause progressed. Louise de Montmorency, for her part, corresponded with Marguerite, with Renée of Ferrara, and with Bishop Briçonnet. She read the new translation of the Gospels. Her daughter, Madeleine, led the way in seceding from Rome. She herself, at her death-bed, showed her true opinions by refusing to see a priest. So much for her own tendencies. But she gave the boys as tutor Nicolas Berault, who, like his friends Budé and Erasmus,

never openly deserted the old religion, yet possessed in full measure the desire for liberty of thought which animated the Reformers. Religion, in the mind of Louise de Montmorency, was a matter of authority for the common herd, of private opinion for the well born; according to Nicolas Berault, the dogmas of the Church were to be weighed and considered by scholars and accepted by the ignorant. Both from their mother and their tutor, the boys were inspired with that most valuable gift—that of questioning, the habit of inquiry, and the courage of independent investigation. The self-reliance which they took into the camp remained with them in the study. It seems to me that the most valuable boon bestowed upon mankind in these latter days is the gift of questioning. When men accept, the world stands still; when they begin to question, progress is possible.

A word more upon their tutor, Nicolas Berault. He was a man of great eloquence, grave bearing, and courtly manners. "Even now," says Erasmus, "methinks I hear that tongue, explanatory and voluble—that voice, sweetly musical and blandly eloquent—that discourse, fluent and yet measured—that face, so friendly, so full of goodness, so void of pride—those manners, polished, easy, graceful, and winning." He was one of the best scholars of that early time, when the school of Scaliger and Dolet had not yet arisen. It is noticeable that,

though he remained nominally in the old faith, his two sons both left it, and joined the new.

There was another tutor, whose duty it was to train the boys in manly arts. He was provided by Anne de Montmorency, the great Constable, who never ceased to manifest the greatest interest in his nephews, and caused a report to be sent to him week by week of their progress and conduct. It was discerned by Berault, we are told, that of the three boys, all of whom were apt scholars, the strongest and most active nature belonged to Gaspard, while to Odet, the eldest surviving, belonged a large measure of the contemplative character. Needs must, in those times, that the head of a great House be strong. Odet, with his own consent and by the advice of Berault, was passed over; in order that Gaspard might be made the chief, he consented to become a Churchman. At sixteen, the Pope made the boy a cardinal—a fact which clearly illustrates the position of the Chatillons in France. At the same time, he was made Archbishop of Toulouse; a little later, Bishop of Beauvais; as we shall presently see, he became ultimately a politician, wary, persuasive, and far-seeing. Like his two brothers, Odet de Chatillon had the singular power of making himself loved and trusted by all alike. "It seems to me," says Brantôme, "that the King never had a more discreet, courteous, and generous man. I

have heard those who were at the Courts of Francis I. and Henry II. say, that the disgrace of his friends never shook his favour with them; nor could his very enemies choose but love him, so frank was his face, so open his heart, so gentle his manner."

It is a small objection to raise, but I have not been able to satisfy myself about the truth of this story of passing over Odet in favour of Gaspard, though I have related it as all historians give it. If Odet was a cardinal at sixteen—in 1531—and the eldest brother, Pierre, died in 1534, there would have been no passing over at all, and Gaspard simply became the head of the House because his elder brother had become a Churchman. One is not, however, certain about the date of Pierre's death, and so the story must remain, subject to this objection.

It was not until the year 1539, when Gaspard was already twenty-one, and François, known as the Sieur d'Andelot, seventeen, that the two boys were brought to Court by their mother, then newly appointed *gouvernante* to Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of her former pupil, Marguerite, Queen of Navarre.

Nearly all the future actors in the great drama which was about to be acted were then present together at Paris. Little Jeanne d'Albret was eleven years of age; Anne de Montmorency was forty-five, a year older than the King; Tavannes was thirty; the

Dauphin Henry, Catherine di Medici, his wife, the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Chatillon brothers, were all within two or three years of the same age; the Bourbon Princes, Antoine, Louis, and Charles, were a few years younger. As regards religious opinion, the first burst of persecution had died away after the burning of many poor creatures of the meaner sort, who dared, having acquired the art of reading, to think for themselves. The nobles, of course, went on holding their own opinions either openly or in secret. Clement Marot, anxious to demonstrate beyond a doubt his suspected orthodoxy, was translating the Psalms into French verse. The poet's orthodoxy was not re-established —one cannot, after being charged with eating meat in Lent, cleanse one's reputation for saintliness by translating Psalms — but his reputation was increased. The Court was beginning, with one consent, to sing Psalms, each one selecting his favourite—the Dauphin chose the 128th, "How blessed is he that fears the Lord;" Catherine selected the 6th, "O Lord, in wrath rebuke me not." History shows no improvement in religion or in morals to correspond with this newly-born ardour for psalmody. The chief obstacle to the success of "the Religion," indeed, was the immorality and license of the Court. Like Charles the Second in Scotland, like Mary Queen of Scots, King Francis,

who would, for curiosity, listen to the arguments of Michel d'Arande, and even acknowledge that he must be right, could never face the austerity of morals and the gravity of responsibility imposed by these downright and thorough men. On the other side, the tempter whispered—"We are Authority; we hold the keys of Heaven; to us is delegated power to absolve or to condemn; do what you please—enjoy, lavish, waste, revel, roll in luxury and animal pleasures, give no thought for the after world—as for your soul, it is in our keeping, and we will send it, by virtue of our supernatural power, and whatever your manner of life has been, after a brief Purgatorial interval, straight to happy Heaven."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST ESSAY OF ARMS.

THE sons of the Marshal de Chatillon and Louise de Montmorency, once the friend of good Queen Claude, and the *gouvernante* of Marguerite, could not be otherwise than well received by Francis. The former splendour of the Court was now greatly dimmed. The increasing age of the King, disappointment, defeat, religious hesitation, excess, and indulgence, had changed for the worse that once chivalrous spirit. The tone of the Court was lower than when Francis and Montmorency and all of them were young, and hopes ran high. Of any personal distinction shown to the two boys by the King, we hear nothing; but they were honourably received, in spite of the disgrace of the Constable.

Then, for a brief space, Gaspard enjoyed the sunshine of youth, friendship, and the pleasures of what was still outwardly the most refined and splendid Court in Europe. Tournaments, dances, hunting, tennis, the bravery of dress, manly exercises,

and feats of arms, occupied his time. For companions, he had the Dauphin and the younger men who naturally gathered round the heir. It is hard to realise that Coligny, the man in whom personal gravity is the one characteristic most strongly insisted upon by his biographers, was ever a young man, frolicsome and light-hearted—that there was once a time when he cared nothing for religious controversy, and played, with his fellows, his part in freak and folly. Yet nothing is more natural—nothing more certain to have happened to a lad of sound and healthy disposition, thus thrown into such a society at such an age. For him whose life was to be a long series of disappointments, this time of gaiety seems like a single hour of sunshine in a day of untimely sleet and wind. One need not inquire too closely into the youthful extravagances of the young lord; no doubt they were such as to cause disquietude to his severe and pious mother; certainly they were not such as to call for apology from a biographer, because in after years, when the hatred of the priests to the Admiral was like unto the hatred of Guelf to Ghibelline, no scandal of youth could ever be raked up against him such as was raked up against De Béze—no single story to his discredit could ever be invented by his foes, or whispered among his friends, because none would have been believed. Chatillon, and Andelot his brother, were above reproach.

Among the young nobles about the Court was one, of about the same age as Coligny, towards whom he was at once attracted, and became speedily attached by the strongest tie of personal affection and friendship. He was the most gallant, the most handsome, the most noble of all. Never was so brave a youth—never was one with so courtly a presence, so royal a bearing, so genial a manner, so winning a tongue. All loved this young man alike, from the King, who yet suspected him and all who bore his name, to the meanest *gamin* in the street, who ran and shouted in irrepressible exuberance of admiration when this young Prince passed by, radiant in splendid apparel, in the smiles and sunshine of his youth and comeliness. Absalom was not more loved—Galahad was not more knightly, than this young Francis de Joinville, eldest son of Claude de Lorraine.

Hardly five-and-twenty years before, his father, the fifth son of Ferry de Vaudemont and Yolande, daughter of the good King René, being turned out of Lorraine, took refuge in Paris, where he appeared with a valet and a walking-stick for all his worldly wealth. But he prospered. His descent, which was worth to him a great deal more than many walking-sticks, procured him the hand of an heiress, Antoinette de Bourbon. He was presented with posts of dignity and profit. He lived to see his brothers and his

sons advancing the House.[1] As he grew older, however, he grew more ambitious, and there was one thing which he ardently desired, but which he never obtained. He bequeathed this ambition to his sons. The Lorraines never abandoned the hope, and never succeeded in their desire. They aimed, being, by the female line on both sides, descendants of the royal House, at being styled Princes of the Blood-Royal. As such, they might have claims upon the succession. In troubled times, there was no telling what would happen. Their claims, later on, were actually and seriously brought forward, though never maintained, in the hope of excluding Henry of Navarre.

All the sons of Claude de Lorraine were rich, splendid, and handsome; all were prodigal and free-handed; all were eloquent of speech, easily accessible, and apparently of kind disposition; all were ostentatious; all loved to court the favour of the multitude. And, among them all, none possessed the virtues and the defects of the race more eminently than Francis, the eldest son.

[1] How rich the Lorraines became is illustrated by the list of dignities and benefices held by Claude's brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine. He was Archbishop of Lyons, Rheims, and Narbonne; he was Bishop of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Theroanne, Luçon, and Valence; he held the Abbeys of Gorze, Fécamp, Cluny, Marmoutiers, and Ile Barbe. This was pretty well for one Churchman.

He dazzled the young provincial Seigneur, fresh from his Castle of Chatillon; he seemed to the quiet and reserved Gaspard the type of all knightly virtues—the home of all noble aspirations. Coligny believed in him with all the sincerity of a young man's nature. How should he suspect that, behind the frank sunshine of that face, the laughing eye, the warm hand, lurked the latent possibility of all that ferocity and bigotry and self-seeking on which his own fortunes were to be wrecked? Who could guess that the massacre of Vassy and the first idea of St. Bartholomew were to spring from the brain of this fearless and peerless chevalier?

It was a time when young men cultivated friendship after the supposed manner of the ancients. These friendships were, like the Latin verses of the scholars, to be the wonder and delight of future ages. Guise and Coligny proposed to figure in the lives of some new Plutarch, another pair of friends as illustrious as Damon and Pythias. After a few years we look for Damon and Pythias, and we find their friendship cooled; yet a little while, and we find their friendship turned to hatred. Many stories have been told—many stupid fables have been invented to account for this change of feeling. Nothing is clearer than the plain truth. The minds of young men are often attracted by opposites. He who is naturally sober is dazzled by the bright

colours of him who is splendid; he who tends to carefulness by him who is lavish. A young man is not certain about himself; he requires time and the opportunity for observation to confirm him in his own unknown tendencies. The thing may be witnessed every day in our universities, where young men of exactly opposite tendencies contract the closest friendships, which last for a while and suddenly die out. The minds of these two were entirely opposed to each other; their feet—though this they did not know—were set in curves which were destined to cross and clash with each other. They could be friends so long as these lines did not meet: the moment the meeting took place, friendship was at an end. For, in religion, Guise inclined to authority, Coligny to independent judgment. Guise loved the pomp and splendour which belonged to his position, and aspired to higher dignities than those which he possessed; Coligny cared nothing for the splendour, but loved the power. Both desired ardently—what Guise obtained—the reputation of being the greatest captain in France. Guise was profuse and splendid, careless of what he said, avid of pleasure, easily moved to mercy, except in the case of a heretic; Coligny was the very reverse of all these things. Guise had every quality which attracts the mob; Coligny had only a few, and those not always certain to prove attractive—he was strong, he

was truthful, and he was just. All classes of men, except Huguenots, loved Guise; his own class only, and of that but a few—namely, the men who came to know him intimately—loved Coligny. As we shall presently see, the young men were friends at first on account of the very qualities in which they differed. Their friendship turned to enmity when their paths crossed.

Very shortly arrived the time of action. Of course, the only career for a young man of good birth was then the career of arms, unless, like Odet de Chatillon, he entered the Church to be made a Bishop or a Cardinal in early youth. In semi-barbarous Russia, and in half-emancipated Germany, the same mediæval custom holds. In these countries, all distinction for a noble still lies through the profession of arms.

Coligny's first campaign was in Luxembourg, in the year 1541. At the siege of Montmédy, a ball pierced his hat, and inflicted a contusion on his head. In 1543, he and his friend Francis de Joinville fought side by side in the army of the Netherlands, and were present at the siege of Landrecy. After the taking of Mauberge, the French, deceived by the false information of certain prisoners, thought to surprise the fortress of Binche. "Those," says Du Bellay, in his memoirs, "who conducted the assault, having no real knowledge of the fortress, planted

the artillery against the part in best repair, and most easily defended, so that the battery did no great harm. Then it was that several young men, in the presence of the Dauphin, hazarded their lives by venturing into the moat; many of them were killed or wounded, among others the Sieur de Chatillon, a young man of great courage, had an arquebusade in the throat, of which, in time, he was healed."

As soon as Coligny was cured of this wound, he distinguished himself by cutting to pieces a corps of cavalry, and taking its captain prisoner.

At the battle of Cerisolles (April 13th, 1544), we find the Seigneur de Chatillon among the corps of a hundred gentlemen who volunteered under the flag of the Duke d'Enghien. It is stated by some that he and his brother Francois were both knighted on the field. This is possible, but Du Bellay, who enters into full details of this day, does not mention the fact. One would like to know if it was still common to confer knighthood on the field of battle. If it was, no doubt a good many of these volunteers may have received the distinction, which would appear to Du Bellay a circumstance too trivial to be noted. It is a fact, however, that Andelot, as Coligny's younger brother Francis was always called, was present at Cerisolles. The two brothers were together also at the siege of Carignan.

In 1545, Coligny had the command of a regiment

of infantry, under the Dauphin, at the siege of Boulogne.

In 1547 came the death of King Francis. For some time before this event, the Constable de Montmorency had been in disgrace, and distinction seemed difficult to the Chatillon brothers, save such as was to be acquired by any officer on the field. We must remember that the ambition with which some French writers charge Coligny, as if it was a vice, was with him a part of his position—a quality belonging to him as a great noble. It was his *duty* to be ambitious. Without ambition he would have been no better than any country *hobereau* a little richer than his neighbours. However, the King being dead, Montmorency returned to Court and to favour. He at once endeavoured to use his influence for his nephews. For Gaspard, he asked the command of the army of Italy—a great thing to ask for so young a man. Nothing for the moment could be asked for Andelot, who was taken prisoner at Parma. Henry the Second refused to give Coligny the command in Italy, and the Constable then proceeded to find an heiress for him to marry. He thought of Mdlle. de Rieux, Countess of Laval and Montfort, a lady of illustrious birth and very great wealth, and proposed her to his nephew. But Gaspard had other views. In the suite of Mdlle. de Rieux was a cousin of hers, Charlotte de Laval, daughter of Guy de Laval and

Antoinette de Daillon, on whom, and not on her rich cousin, Coligny fixed his affections, and whom he married. Never had any man a more noble helpmeet. It is pleasant to record that Andelot married the rich heiress, and was equally happy in his wife. Both ladies subsequently embraced the Reformed faith.

It was in 1547 that Coligny married, being then thirty years of age. As yet he had done little to distinguish himself, having, indeed, found no opportunity of showing other qualities beside that of courage on the field. Let us see, meanwhile, how it fared with his rival, Francis of Lorraine.

At first he fought side by side with Coligny, at Montmédy (1542), at Landrecy (1543), Saint Dizier (1544), and Boulogne (1545). Up to the death of King Francis, the two were equal in reputation and distinction. It was later—to anticipate coming events—in 1552, that Guise first displayed that military ability which at once placed him in the very first rank as a soldier. Then it was that he defended Metz, holding the place for two months against an enormous force, Charles the Fifth being compelled, after losing 30,000 men, to raise the siege. He gained fresh distinction at the battle of Rentz, in 1554; and in 1556 was appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Here he failed completely, and probably would have never recovered the blow to his reputation

but for the disaster of St. Quentin and the imprisonment of Coligny, after which he was created Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and took, in less than a month, Calais, Ham, and Guines. We have to hear more about him in the sequel. Let us own, without the trouble of comparison, that he showed more strategic ability than his rival, with equal tenacity and resolution. He was a man of fiery temper and narrow views, incapable of the broad political schemes of the Admiral, but a better soldier; having no sympathy with the new religious opinions, or with the new doctrines of personal virtue which they involved; always a courtier of the school which postpones everything to personal ambition; always eager after pleasure, always ready to fight, always unscrupulous about means, always an aristocrat to the backbone, always angrily disdainful of those who, like the Huguenots, rejected authority.

A word on the progress of the other two Chatillon brothers. Odet, we have seen, was a Cardinal at sixteen. In the same year he was made Archbishop of Toulouse, and *abbé commanditaire* of a large number of abbeys. He assisted at the conclave which elected Paul III. In 1531, he was made Bishop of Beauvais, one of the richest benefices in the kingdom. In 1544, being thus enriched, he ceded all his rights in the Chatillon succession to his two brothers. In 1550, he was again in Italy, at the conclave which

resulted in the election of Pope Julius III. In 1554, he promulgated his *Constitutiones Synodales*, with a view to remedy the abuses of his diocese. It is evident that then, and, in fact, for five years longer, he continued in the belief that the Church could be reformed without any schism.

As for Andelot, we have seen him fighting with Gaspard at Landrecy, Carignan, and Cerisolles. In 1547, he married Claude de Rieux. In the same year, he was made Inspector-General of Infantry. In 1548, he took part in the expedition sent to Scotland in order to conduct Mary to France. In Scotland, he fought at the battle of Haddington. In 1551, he was sent to Italy with reinforcements for the Duke of Parma. While in this service, he was taken prisoner, and confined for four years in the Castle of Milan. It was during this captivity that he read the works of Calvin, and became a Protestant. No doubt his conversion was greatly assisted by the liberal tendencies of his early education. It is a fact to be observed, that both he and his brother embraced Protestantism as the result of the first opportunity afforded in an active life for examination and reflection.

Coligny's next service, after a year of tranquillity in his Castle of Chatillon—where a son was born, who died in infancy—was again before Boulogne. The English, who held the place in accordance with

a treaty, were violating the terms by building forts which commanded the harbour. Coligny erected a strong place on the other bank, called Chatillon, remains of which are still to be seen, in answer to their demonstrations. In the same year, 1549, he received the office of Lieutenant-General of Montreuil, Selaque, Blacquay, and the whole country round Boulogne. And in 1552, after receiving the Collar of the Order, he was made Colonel and Captain-General of French Infantry—a post of almost as great renown and importance as that of Admiral, which he afterwards obtained.

The French infantry was principally composed of Swiss mercenaries, who might be hired to fight for any cause. They were commanded by their own officers, the principal commands only being in the hands of French nobles. There never had been, up to that time, any pretence at discipline among these rude and lawless soldiers. Such as they were when they followed Charles VIII. tumultuously across the plains of Italy, so they were now, fighting Spaniards and English in Picardy, Flanders, and the Low Countries. Wherever they went, they pillaged, murdered, and destroyed without restraint. In time of peace, when they were disbanded, they roamed over the country in small troops, living like brigands. When, for instance, René of Anjou fought for his Duchy of Lorraine with the Count of Vaudemont,

the two combatants, on the cessation of hostilities, united their forces in order to clear the country of these murderous gangs of unattached soldiers. Clearance was effected by hanging all they could catch. Coligny had already made an attempt to introduce discipline into the one regiment which he commanded under the walls of Boulogne. Perhaps the success of this experiment stimulated him to extend it to the whole French army. In any case, we may claim for him the honour of being the first general in modern times who perceived the enormous advantage of having a disciplined instead of a disorderly infantry. Perhaps a reminiscence of his Latin reading inspired him to emulate the severity of a Roman camp. One can understand the astonishment and disgust caused by the promulgation of rules which forbade, in a camp where the soldiers were perpetually quarrelling, any quarrels at all—where the officers fought duels on the smallest provocation, any fighting of duels—which ordered, where nothing had hitherto been paid for, that not the smallest thing in future should be taken without payment—that the honour of women was to be respected—and that henceforward even the simple amusement and relief of swearing was to be abolished. And the penalties in case of infraction were such as could not be contemplated without misgiving. A soldier who insulted or attacked a woman was to be hanged or strangled;

if a man indulged in what the Colonel-General called "enormous and execrable blasphemies"—the mere common garnish and decoration of conversation—he was to have, for a first offence, eight days in prison on bread and water; for a second, he was to make the *amende honorable* in shirt upon his knees; and for a third, to have his hand struck off. For almost all other military offences, he was to be *passé par les picques*. Perhaps the soldiers thought at first these penalties were only threats. Alas! some poor wretches found that Coligny was not one to threaten. He enforced his new rules with so much rigour as to gain at first the character of cruelty. "But they saved," says Brantôme, "the lives of millions of persons. . . . For before there was nothing but pillage, robbery, plunder, ransoming, murders, quarrels, and ravishing among the bands, so that they resembled rather companies of Arabs and brigands than noble soldiers."

This was Coligny's first and perhaps his greatest achievement. He introduced the modern military discipline. The first rough model, from which has been developed the present machinery of drill, of discipline, of enforced obedience, of routine which makes the soldier of to-day an intelligent machine, was constructed by Coligny. He is the inventor of discipline.

He intended, and would have carried out his project but for the disaster of St. Quentin, to supplement the establishment of military discipline by the

formation of a surgical service, and the establishment of a military hospital provided with carts for the wounded, to follow the camp. He was, therefore, the inventor of the modern ambulance corps.

In 1552, he was nominated to the great and important post of Admiral of France. Andelot was to receive the appointment of Colonel of Infantry, but, as he was then a prisoner in Italy, Coligny held both offices for a time, signing himself in official documents, "Admiral Couronnel-Général de l'Infanterie Français."

In 1556, he was selected to negociate with Philip the Treaty of Vaucelles. A most curious and interesting account remains of his embassy, and of his interview with Charles V., then living in retirement, but still directing the course of events.

We see him, now, rapidly arrived at the highest point of Court favour. He is Admiral of France; he has reformed the infantry; he has concluded a truce, the terms of which seem to make an honourable peace probable; he has gained the confidence of the King and of the nation; he is happily married; he has not yet lost the friendship of Francis de Joinville; and he has already set on foot the first attempt at realising a dream which, for completeness, originality, and audacity, no other statesman in history has ever yet surpassed. This enterprise, however, requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLONY OF BRAZIL.

A THEORY has been recently advanced, which is not without plausibility, that long before the voyage of Columbus, the Eastern shores of Brazil were known to the sailors of Dieppe. It is quite possible that, among the many voyages undertaken by these hardy and adventurous seamen, a ship may have been driven westward, and sighted, or even touched at, the Brazilian shores. In the same way, no one doubts that sailors from Iceland may have visited the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, or even sailed up the great river St. Lawrence. It is open to everybody to accept a theory which is probable, and yet cannot be proved.

One set of facts, however, is certain.

In 1504, very early in the history of American discovery, a French ship entered the port of Bahia. In 1509, savages were brought from Brazil and exhibited at Rouen, to the delight and wonder of the people. During the next forty years, a most

remarkable firm of traders and shipbuilders, Ango and his son, built, just like a firm such as Allan and Co. at the present day, a whole fleet of vessels, which traded backwards and forwards between Dieppe, Honfleur, Havre, Rouen, and Brazil. The elder Ango had been a common sailor; he had the ability to raise himself from that position, and to become the greatest shipowner, the most adventurous trader, the most daring buccaneer, and the most successful merchant in all Europe. He, with his son, employed a regular service of officers. His captains waged war on their own account with the Portuguese, once going so far as to sail up the Tagus and to threaten Lisbon. In spite of Portuguese and Spanish pretensions, they traded openly with the natives, and held their own upon the ocean. Every merchantman was a man of war; every ship, whether bark or galleon, carried mounted cannon; every sailor looked daily for a fight as more than possible; every captain was a pirate.

During these early years, French enterprise was mostly occupied with Brazil. Many accounts remain of the voyages of Ango's captains—notably that of Jean Parmentier—and of the perils which they encountered. Not the least of these was the cruelty of the Portuguese to any French prisoners who might fall into their hands. For those of Portugal, after torturing their luckless captives, had a trick of

handing them over to the Brazilian natives, who were reported to tear them to death and eat them; at least, the French always said so. There was endless war. In 1530, a French galleon surprised and sacked Pernambuco. In 1532, Portuguese cruisers sailed along the Brazilian coast, and picked up many French prizes. In 1538, Francis I. forbade these expeditions *outre mer;* in the same year, he revoked his decree. In 1541, he listened to the complaints of Portugal, and was with difficulty dissuaded from another prohibition. In 1543, he declared the sea free and open to all his subjects. In 1551, when the younger Ango died, there was left, among other brave sea-dogs in the service of the house, Jean Alfonse de Saintonges, who wrote a description of Brazil, and was chief pilot in the third expedition to Canada conducted by the illustrious Jacques Cartier.[1]

Brazil, therefore, was well known in France for forty years before Coligny made his first attempt at colonisation. His post of Admiral would make him familiar with what had been done by the Norman and Breton sailors; his active intellect suggested what might be done.

Unfortunately for France, the instrument by which he proposed to carry out his plans proved unequal to the charge.

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[1] His first expedition, the most fertile in discovery, was in 1534.

Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, son of a house belonging to the *petite noblesse*, was born at Provins in the year 1510. He was nephew of the Grand-Master of the Knights-Hospitallers, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the same who defended Rhodes, removed with the Order to Malta, and now lies buried in the stately Basilica of Valetta, where they show his tomb.

The young man was educated at the University of Paris, where he formed a friendship, or acquaintance, with Calvin. At the age of one-and-twenty, he entered the Order of St. John. Ten years later, in 1541, he formed one of the great expedition against Algiers. Early in the day he was wounded and carried off the field, which probably saved his life. Guillaume du Bellay gave him protection in Rouen until he recovered—a kindness which Villegagnon repaid by dedicating to his patron an account which he afterwards wrote of the expedition. It may be remarked that this soldier-monk was an excellent scholar, and that the Latinity of his account of the expedition is easy and correct. It would have been well for France had he been less learned. In 1542, he was fighting the Turks in Hungary. He is next found fighting at Cérisolles, where Coligny may have made his acquaintance in the camp.

Little by little, the reputation of this adventurer increased. He was chosen to carry a small auxiliary

force of French soldiers to Scotland, and, while there, was so fortunate as to perform a service of the most signal kind to the French Crown. It was this. He landed his soldiers safely at Edinburgh, and lay off Leith, waiting for further instructions. He then found that the North Sea was swarming with English vessels anxious to prevent the passage of the young Queen of Scots to France, which Mary of Lorraine, the Regent, was as anxious to accomplish. Villegagnon proposed to deceive the English by sailing round the north of Scotland, then considered a most perilous enterprise, and afterwards to take his Royal passenger on board at Dumbarton. This he actually accomplished. He evaded the English cruisers, sailed in safety round the north of Scotland, passed southward through the Isles, put in at Dumbarton, received the Queen with her four Maries, and, after a voyage of six days, landed her in safety at Brest. For this service, the King made him Vice-Admiral of Brittany.

So far, Villegagnon's life was successful beyond his most ambitious hopes. The sequel goes to show how the wrong-headedness of one man was to ruin as fair a scheme as ever was devised for the honour and welfare of his country.

The next two years of his life were spent, first, in a quarrel with the Grand-Master of the Order, in which he appears to have been right; and next, in

a quarrel with the Governor of Brest, in which the King pronounced him wrong. It was then that, believing his chances of future advancement were gone, he began to turn his thoughts to America. His project at first was to head such an expedition as that of Cortes or Pizarro. What Spaniards had done, Frenchmen could do. Eldorado was not yet acquired. He, too, would go a-conquering. Naturally, he brought this scheme first to Coligny, without whose consent nothing could be done. The Admiral listened to the project, and immediately perceived that here was a chance of a far wider enterprise than a mere filibustering occupation. Could there not be established, by the help of this man, whose courage was beyond a doubt, another France beyond the ocean, where religious opinion should be free? The idea shows that Coligny had already begun to sympathise with the persecuted Reformers.

Perhaps Villegagnon pretended a leaning towards the Reformers; perhaps, at the time, he really felt inclined to their tenets. Most probably the Admiral looked chiefly for a man strong enough to lead and rule the infant colony, and stipulated for nothing more than freedom of conscience. However that may be, the scheme obtained his approval from the beginning, and he lost no time in obtaining from the King, then at war with Spain and England, authority to despatch an expedition to America, and a grant

of two ships, provisioned, armed, and fully manned, with ten thousand francs for the first expenses, the title of Viceroy of these new conquests, if any should be made, for the leader of the expedition, and power to recruit labourers, workmen, and artisans of all kinds.

Everything was ready for the leader of the new colony except colonists. These were difficult to find. First, Villegagnon hoped to persuade Protestants to enlist. But he was a Chevalier of Malta. With what face could he propose to protect and encourage Protestants? A few, however, cadets of country families belonging to the new faith, were induced to join him. They were, compared with the Catholics who joined, a small minority. Among the latter were two priests, one a doctor of the Sorbonne, whose opinions were at the moment fluctuating between the two religions, and the other an honest fellow, who joined with the sole view of seeing and describing the wonderful continent of America. There were next a small body of Scotch soldiers, who had followed Villegagnon from Scotland, and were attached to him personally. But there were as yet no rank and file whatever.

It must be remembered that France, never at any time a colonising nation, was, in the sixteenth century, like all other countries, entirely ignorant of

the idea of a colony. To sail away to the Brazilian coasts, trade with the natives, fight the Portuguese, and bring home the spoil, was an adventure familiar with the Norman and Breton sailors; but to go away altogether, without wife and children, never to see France again, to make a new home elsewhere, even under the most promising conditions, was a thing which they did not understand.

There were, therefore, no colonists forthcoming. Villegagnon ordered proclamation to be made in the streets of Paris that he would receive any who wished to escape the consequences of profligacy and extravagance, who were "slaves fugitive from their country" (what does this mean?), or who were stimulated by a desire of adventure. A few were enrolled, but these were recruits of a low and dangerous class.

Villegagnon was in despair. Everything was ready except the men—the sailors were on board, the ships laden and provisioned. He made another and more overt attempt upon the Protestants, but with no success. Then he begged the King's permission to take the criminals, and such as were under sentence of death, from the prisons. All the sturdy rogues in the gaols of Paris, Rouen, and other great towns were swept off to form colonists; and so, at last, the ships were filled with as many passengers as could be carried.

It was a strange crew with which to form a new France across the ocean: a handful of Protestants, chiefly of the *petite noblesse*, who, doubtless, looked for adventures as well as liberty of religion; a few fighting Scotsmen; a scattering of broken-down spendthrifts, versed in all the vice of great cities; and a collection of criminals who would otherwise have been hanged or sent to the galleys. The man who commanded this motley gathering was a fiery, headstrong soldier, who was also a scholar, half a monk, and who added to his personal preparations a carefully-selected library of science and theology.

Two grave omissions were made. He forgot, being a monk, that the foundation of all society is the family. He proposed to make a new France with only half of mankind. No women at all sailed with him. That was the first mistake. The second was that he did not take enough provisions. Grain of all kinds he had, but he forgot that, during the first few years of his settlement, there would be little chance of quiet cultivation.

After a series of tempests, and twice putting back to refit, the open sea was reached, and the voyage fairly commenced. It occupied nearly three months. On Nov. 10th, 1555, the French vessels entered the Bay of Rio Janeiro. Here the chief selected an island, which he called Coligny—it is now called Villegagnon Island—for the first settlement. They

landed, and at once, with infinite enthusiasm, began to build a fort. Had English settlers, a generation later, contented themselves with an establishment on an island, what would have become of Virginia and the Eastern States? There was no water on their rock; there was no ground in which corn could be sown; there was, indeed, no thought of providing for the exigencies of the future. Meanwhile—a fatal error—they depended on the natives for supplies. Then they alienated the people by forcing them to assist in the construction of their fort. The Brazilians refused to bear the harshness of their new masters, and disappeared in the forests.

Famine, thereupon, began to be felt. The supplies brought from France were exhausted. There was no longer bread or wine; roots of all kinds were devoured for food. Grievous diseases broke out, and the medicines were exhausted. But the hard and austere man who commanded would allow no relaxation in the labours of the colony. Before all, he would have his fort completed.

It cannot be wondered at if the convict gangs who made up a large part of his settlement began to murmur. Better to languish in the filthy dungeons of Paris—better to be hanged at once—better to be broken on the wheel, and gibbeted at Montmartre, than to starve on a barren rock, toiling all day at earth and stone works under a tropical sun. They

conspired—they resolved to murder Villegagnon. Their plot—as generally happens to all conspiracies—was confided to one too many. He was a member of the Scottish guard, and he revealed it to the chief. Four of the leaders were arrested and hanged. But the principal in the conspiracy, a Norman interpreter, managed to escape, and to take with him five-and-twenty of his companions, all interpreters. They took to the woods and lived with the Brazilians, filling the natives with hatred against the new-comers. An epidemic, which broke out among those natives who still worked at the fort, exasperated the savages beyond measure. They were convinced—being, no doubt, assisted by the runaways in this conviction—that their friends had been murdered by Villegagnon himself. It is remarkable that it never occurred to this man to conciliate the natives, or to use their internal dissensions for his own purposes. Like a Spaniard, he treated them as creatures whose only use was to fetch and carry. Who could expect human sympathy from a man who was at once a ferocious soldier and a monk?

But other ships came out from France, and brought supplies in men and provisions. The affairs of the colony looked more promising. If the residents were not real colonists, they did their work while they stayed in the place. We may fairly assume that the weaker men—those whose constitutions had been undermined

at home by profligacy—were speedily killed off when famine and disease made their appearance. We hear nothing of religious dissensions; so that at first, it is clear, the Viceroy kept his promise, and allowed freedom of opinion. And presently a rumour of this new colony, where religious thought was free, began to run through France, and thousands of Protestants considered whether it would not be well to seek in another country the liberty of conscience which they could not obtain at home. At this time, too, it seems certain that Villegagnon honestly thought that there was no other plan possible, if his colony was to have a durable existence, than that contemplated by Coligny—to induce those of the Religion to emigrate in large bodies. With this object in view, he took a very singular step. He wrote a letter to Calvin, asking that Protestant ministers might be sent from Geneva who should minister to the spiritual wants of his Protestant colonists. Calvin, rejoiced at so promising a chance, sent two zealous and learned ministers, Richier and Chartier, with whom was an old French gentleman, named Dupont de Corguilleray, appointed to take charge of any who wished to go with them. Only eleven volunteered, among whom was Jean de Léry, the future historian of the expedition. Fourteen resolute and active men, however, would alone form a valuable addition to the forces of the little colony; but, on their way

through France, they were joined by so many that, when they set sail from Honfleur, they numbered, with the crews of the three vessels which conveyed them, no fewer than 290 men and five young girls, destined to be married in the colony. They were the first French women to land in Brazil. Léry gives an account of the voyage, which curiously illustrates the general lawlessness at sea. After many adventures, which greatly astonished the Genevese ministers, the little squadron arrived safely at Rio Janeiro.

Now Villegagnon either lied to Calvin when he pretended zeal for the Reformed Church, or his views, when the new-comers arrived, were wavering. At first, however, he showed signs of sincerity. He appointed a Council of State. He informed the ministers that he should not oppose their preaching. He looked on, apparently well pleased, while frequent conversions rewarded their zeal. He presided at a controversy between them and one of the priests, Cointa. He even presented himself at the table of the Lord's Supper, and communicated after the Reformed rite. What could they think but that the Viceroy was another convert? In after years, Villegagnon denied these facts; none the less were they true. But his conversion lasted a very little time. The priest, Cointa, who had also been converted, married one of the girls newly imported from France. In a few days he repented either of his conversion

or of his marriage, and repaired, not to the Genevese pastors, but to Villegagnon himself, as to a spiritual superior, with fresh doubts. The Viceroy, meantime, had perhaps begun to think that, for a Chevalier of Malta, he had gone a little too far—that partaking of the Lord's Supper according to Genevese rite might turn out serious. Acts less rash had compromised other officers of the Crown. His Viceregal position was in danger. A new controversy began, in which Villegagnon completely changed front, and showed himself as hostile to the Religion as he had been favourable. Nothing was heard in the unhappy colony but theological disputes. The doubly apostate priest, Cointa, returned to the old faith; no one says what became of his wife. The Viceroy threw himself with ardour into the task of defeating the ministers in argument. All the affairs of the infant colony were neglected, while its chief shut himself up among his books, forging new weapons for the discomfiture of the Protestants. Meantime, the Genevese ministers were prohibited from preaching for more than half-an-hour. Naturally, the new-comers—the Protestant contingent—finding matters so different from what they had expected—constantly harassed with religious disputes, made to work at fortifications where they had come out to settle on the land, living hardly on *boucan*, bread made from roots, and bad water from the cisterns—began to murmur. Villegagnon

endeavoured to suppress the growing discontent by measures worthy only of a *chiourme* on board a Maltese galley. Discontent grew louder, the Viceroy more determined; while always there lurked in the woods the fugitive Norman interpreters, ready to receive fresh deserters, urging the Brazilians to rise against their enemy. The natives whom Villegagnon had kept in the fort and treated like slaves, ran away in a body, and gained the safety of the forests, where they were joined by a number of the Protestants. Then Villegagnon became suspicious of a conspiracy; he thought that he discovered one, and caused the supposed chief delinquent to be beaten to death with a stick. The wretched man's friends, enraged at this act of cruelty, joined the deserters in the woods. After this, the Viceroy seems to have been pursued by a fury of suspicion. The men whom he had betrayed were always present, following him with reproachful eyes. He multiplied severities and punishments. Finally, he crowned all, faithless to his agreements with the Admiral and with Calvin, by prohibiting altogether the Protestant form of worship.

This was more than the new immigrants, who had come over on his solemn assurance, could endure. They sent their chief, Dupont de Corguilleray, to inform the Viceroy that they would obey him no

longer, and intended, as soon as possible, to return to France.

They were too strong for the Governor, hot-headed as he was, to risk an appeal to force. He contented himself with saying that if they did not obey, they should not eat. The Protestants replied that, if they received no rations, they would do no work. They therefore ceased to labour at the fortifications, and entered into negociations with the natives, who brought them abundance of food. The ministers went on preaching in spite of the Governor's prohibition.

This state of things was intolerable. Villegagnon —who had broken his most solemn pledges—who had deceived Calvin, Coligny, and the whole Protestant party—who, in a few weeks, changed from Catholic to Protestant and back again, and lacked the strength, but not the will, to crush his victims—could no longer endure even to see them on his island. He persuaded them, therefore, to leave the fort and take up their stay, until they could be conveyed back to Europe, on the mainland. Here the Genevese remained for two months in great danger of starvation. It is almost incredible that, during the whole of their stay in Brazil, the French colonists never attempted to cultivate the fertile soil. The reason of this neglect was not carelessness, but prejudice. They had no peasants among them—none but a peasant could possibly dig—they were gentle-

men, preachers, soldiers, the meanest of them were artisans, the most contemptible were gaol-birds and criminals. Not one of these, even of the last and lowest class, but was too proud to cultivate the soil. We shall see, later on, how this prejudice was fatal to a second enterprise.

Then a French ship, the *Jacques*, arrived in the bay. The Captain brought the news, which a few weeks before would have been welcomed with acclamations, that vessels were being got ready in every port of France for the conveyance of thousands —Protestant refugees—who were longing to come over and take possession of this glorious land of liberty—this holy soil, where they might worship without fear of priests.

Land of liberty! On a little barren rock, the Viceroy gnashing his teeth; beside him, the apostate Cointa; before him, the Catholic emigrants sullenly labouring at fortifications destined to be useless. No provisions and no wine; every man conscious that the colony was doomed. On the mainland, those of the Protestants who had not deserted to the woods, idle, bitter, and revengeful, waiting to carry home the news of the Viceroy's perfidy. In the forests, the French deserters, living among the naked Brazilians, some of them ready to go on living among them—savages like them—in the shadows of the giant forests.

Those thousands of Protestant immigrants must, clearly, never come over. What use, should they come? And yet, unless they came, the colony was lost. One can imagine the rage of the Viceroy, reflecting on the ruin of his scheme, for which he had no one but himself to blame. He tried to temporise with the Genevese; he interposed vexatious delays; yet he could not stop them; they embarked and sailed, and, after a long voyage, in which they suffered the last extremity of famine, the Calvinists landed in France.

At first, no one would believe their story. To the end, the Catholics refused to believe it. Even in those days of religious bigotry, the story appeared too incredible.

Before the *Jacques* was fairly started on her voyage, but when she was already eighteen leagues from the shore, five of the Genevese changed their minds, and asked to be allowed to return. Their request was granted. A boat was lowered, into which they descended, and were cut adrift, without provisions, sails, oars, or masts. For four days a perfect calm kept them motionless; on the fifth, a tempest cast them ashore. A few days later, they made their way to Fort Coligny, where they at once sought an interview with the Viceroy, fell on their knees, and implored his clemency. It was one of Villegagnon's merciful days. He promised them protection and

pardon, provided they did not preach or teach their religion.

The Genevese went quietly to work, hoping to be forgotten. But a dreadful suspicion entered the head of their tyrant. He thought that these men had been sent back for some secret service—they were to instigate a rising—the Genevese themselves were not, he suspected, actually gone, but only lying at anchor in some neighbouring port. This idea possessed the man's mind, and filled him with terror and anxiety. He slept no longer at night, but wandered alone round the fortifications, vaguely expecting some nocturnal alarm. He raged and cursed all day, distributing his punishments with redoubled severity. He trusted no one. And all for the presence of five innocent Protestants whom he had betrayed. This could not last; he must end it somehow. He determined to put into force the royal proclamation against heretics. He interrogated the unhappy men, who had plenty of time for flight, and were advised to fly by all the colonists. But they remained, to their destruction. Their replies were bold and true. They were all Protestants. Villegagnon caused them all, except one, to be hurled from a high rock into the sea. That one was condemned for life to *travaux forcés*. Then, at last, the murderer could repose.

But this act was nearly the last in his career as

Governor of "la France Antarcticque." Terrified and exasperated, half of the remaining colonists deserted him, as one flies from a madman. Some took refuge in the woods; others roamed along the coasts, looking for a French ship to take them off. All knew, at length, that the colony was ruined. There was no longer any hope of reinforcements from Protestant France. It was now only a question of time till the unfortunate colonists should die off or be killed.

Villegagnon, knowing that he would have to defend himself against Catholic and Protestant alike, resolved on returning to France. He placed the government of the colony in charge of his nephew, Bois le Comte, and embarked without making any preparations for the defence of the miserable colonists. The rest of his active life, divided between the writing of rancorous books against the Huguenots and fighting them, belongs to the history of the religious wars. It suffices to say, that he showed himself as able a soldier as he was an eager and subtle theologian. To the Protestants, he remained a perjured traitor and a murderer; to those of the Catholics who knew the truth, he was an object of loathing and contempt.

The remaining days of the colony were few and sad. There is a consent among all writers—Catholic, Protestant, and Portuguese—that the new Governor,

Bois le Comte, was utterly unfit to cope with the difficulties of the situation. There were men enough left to defend the colony—probably four or five hundred. Then, many of the refugees were ready to return when Villegagnon was known to have quitted the colony; but the new Governor was mad enough to send them word that he regarded them as worse enemies than the Portuguese themselves. The Protestants were ready to serve faithfully, but he continued his uncle's prohibition of their religious services. He even alienated the Catholics themselves. And yet he was cut off from all help from Europe. The Huguenots had naturally ceased to hope anything from the colony; the Catholics had never regarded it with favour.

Very shortly, the Portuguese found the time favourable for a general attack. The Jesuits' settlement near San Vicente had acquired an extraordinary influence over the minds of the natives. The Fathers promised the Portuguese Governor an overwhelming force of native auxiliaries. In fact, he was enabled, by the assistance of the Fathers, to get together twenty-six ships of all sizes, with about six thousand men. Bois le Comte, who was in the forests chasing hostile natives when the fleet arrived, was cut off by the landing of a force on the mainland, and prevented from getting back to the fort. The main body of the Portuguese troops

were then disembarked on the mainland, and at once erected earthworks for artillery. The ships co-operated from the sea. The native auxiliaries prevented the junction of those French colonists who were on the continent. A midnight attack carried the fort. A few of the French succeeded in getting to the mainland in boats; seventy-four remained prisoners in the hands of the victors.

CHAPTER V.

HIS CONVERSION.

THE colony of Fort Coligny lasted for four years. They were years of disaster to its founder—the one man who might have led its destinies to a happier issue.

Hitherto, as we have seen, fortune had been propitious. At the age of forty, Gaspard de Chatillon was one of the foremost men in France. Had he died at this period, he would have been remembered in French chronicles as one of the lesser worthies—a man who had deserved well of his country—the founder of military discipline—the first to attempt a French colony. And he had been rewarded in his life with great offices of State, and the confidence of the King. It would have been the business of no one to inquire more deeply into the character of the man. It might be remembered of him, that he had always favoured the followers of the new religion without ever leaving the ranks of the old.

Let us enumerate the successive steps of his

advancement. He received, in 1547, the Collar of the Order, and the command of the French infantry. He acted against the English at Boulogne, and negociated the treaty which restored the place to the French in 1550. In 1557, he commanded the infantry in the campaign of Lorraine, and was engaged in the taking of Metz, Toul, Verdun, and the sieges of Rodemack, Damvilliers, Ivry, and Montmédy. Fighting under the Duke of Vendôme in Picardy, he carried by assault Hesdin and Térouanne. All these actions, though not equal to Guise's single exploit at Metz, made up a creditable record. Coligny was known as a soldier who could be trusted. In 1551, he was appointed Governor of Paris and of the Isle de France. In 1552, he was made Admiral. In 1553, he served again in Picardy, this time under his uncle first and the Duke de Nevers afterwards, and signalised himself especially at the battle of Renty.

In 1555, by the marriage of Antoine de Bourbon to Jeanne d'Albret, the Governorship of Picardy, one of the most important commands, fell vacant, and was given to Coligny. In the autumn of the same year, he was appointed ambassador to conclude the Treaty of Vaucelles.

An account of the negociation of this truce, and of the reception accorded to the Admiral by the retired Emperor, Charles the Fifth, was written by Claude de l'Aubépine, who accompanied the mission.

The following is an extract from this curious and interesting history:—

"On the following Sunday, being Palm Sunday, the Emperor received us at his small house in the Park of Brussels, whither he had retired for some time in order to be freed from worldly affairs—of which, however, he always preserved the cognisance and disposition—having, for all his Council, the Bishop of Arras, who conveyed his opinion to his son and the Lords.

"The Admiral, with his suite, repaired to this place, at the entry of which, from the bottom of the staircase to the antechamber of the Emperor, stood a double line of gentlemen, the youngest being not less than thirty-five, and the oldest not more than about forty-five, dressed in black, of grave and venerable countenance, and all bareheaded while the French Embassy passed.

"The Emperor awaited the Admiral in his chamber, seated in a chair by reason of the gout, the chair being draped in black cloth; before him a table six feet long, covered with black cloth, the chamber and the antechamber tapestried in the same colour. The room was immediately filled with French, and no others, because the gentlemen who formed the line of honour retired to the bottom of the staircase, to allow more room. The Emperor's dress was a short citizen's coat, made of Florence serge, cut below the knees; his arms passed through the sleeves; a pourpoint of black German buckram; a Mantua hat, surrounded by a little silk band, this simplicity serving to illustrate the character of a Prince who would indeed have been called great, had he been able—a thing which he never attempted—to restrain his excessive ambition."

The Emperor received the official letter with great affability, and, after reading it, began to converse familiarly.

"How is the King, my fair brother?" he asked.

"He is well, sire," replied the Admiral.

"Ha! Glad am I to hear it, believe me! My heart laughs to hear it. And not without cause; for I hold it a great honour to have sprung, by the maternal side, from that stock which bears and supports the most illustrious crown in the world. But I am told," he continued, "that he begins to grow grey. Why, nobody is so young as he. It seems but three or four days since he was in Spain, a little prince, without a hair in his beard."

The Admiral, wishing to explain that away, said—"Sire, in truth the King has two or three white hairs already; but so have many younger than himself."

"Oh! do not trouble about it," replied the Emperor. "That is less than nothing. I ask after his condition, and I must tell you of my own. When I was about the same age, and being on my journey to Naples—M. l'Admiral, you know the loveliness of the town, the beauty and the grace of the ladies in it—I am but a man, and would deserve their favours like the rest—the day after my arrival, in the morning, I called my barber to shave, curl, and perfume me. I am given a mirror. I see myself in the same state as the King, my brother. Astonished, I ask, 'What is that?' Says the barber, 'Two or three white hairs.' There were more than a dozen. 'Take them away,' I said to the barber; 'do not leave one.' Now, would you guess what happened?" addressing himself to the French gentlemen—"a little while afterwards, looking at myself again in the

mirror, I found that, for one white hair I had taken out, three more had come."

A most affable and entirely amiable old King. Who could believe that a treaty concluded with so much good-will was only made to be broken?

By this time, the friendship of Guise and Coligny had turned to hate. Why? Several stories have been invented, and believed in, to account for this change. We are gravely told that the Admiral told Guise that he valued honour above riches; whereat the latter flew into a rage, and never forgave his old friend. The tale is too silly for any but those who can only see in Coligny the meek and femininely pious Christian, which he never was. Then we hear that the Admiral tried to deprive Guise of his share in a gallant exploit, or that Guise performed a similar friendly action for Coligny. No need for any story. The ways of the two men were different; their ways of thinking were different; their counsels to the King were diametrically opposite; their political aims were irreconcilable with each other.

No need, again, to decry Guise in order to magnify his rival. He was, as the event proved, a better general; he was a gallant soldier and a generous friend. If he was unscrupulous in the means he employed, we must remember that he belonged to the school of which Charles V., Philip the Second, Catherine, and all the diplomatists of

that bad time were masters or scholars. If he was ambitious, we may remember how near he stood to the Crown, and how, on both sides, he was an offshoot of the Royal line. It was his birth, his education, the traditions that encompassed him, which made him what he was—the type and representative of the orthodox, the Conservative party.

The Treaty of Vaucelles was signed in February, 1556. It was broken in the same year, and by the King of France. He was urged to this act of treason by the Pope, acting through his legate and through Guise. The latter received command of the army of Italy, where he reaped such laurels as were conveyed to him in the farewell words of the Pope—"You have acquired little honour for your King, less for me, and none for yourself." To Coligny, instructions were sent to prepare immediately for war. It was, indeed, on the frontiers of Picardy that the chief brunt of battle was to be borne.

It was with a heavy heart that the Admiral saw the work of his hands torn to pieces, and war beginning again. "God," he cried, thinking of the solemn compact into which he had entered in the name of his perjured King—"God is the certain avenger of perjuries." It seemed, a little later, as if the sufferer by these perjuries was not the King, their author, but he himself, their victim. And then he began his preparations, throwing his whole heart into

the present work which lay before him. "Since," he writes, "it pleases the King that I should serve him in the government of Picardy, it is right for me to forget everything else, to accommodate myself, and follow his will."

His headquarters, in 1556, were at Abbeville, where, almost single-handed, he multiplied himself, provided for everything, studied economy of expenditure, and—a thing which he alone of all the captains in his time looked after—took precautions to protect the poor, so that none should be robbed or despoiled. It was by forethought of this kind that the Admiral built up a name the like of which had never been known in France before. In peace or war, he was a just man—a man on whose word reliance could be placed—a man who, in all worldly matters, placed honesty first.

The limits of this work forbid any detailed account of the campaigns which belong to the history of France. Suffice it to say that, at the beginning of 1557, Coligny commenced hostilities by an attack on Douay, which failed, and another on Lens, which succeeded. Then the battle of St. Quentin was fought by the Constable de Montmorency, and lost. Coligny, with his brother Andelot, who brought him some small reinforcements, held the town for three weeks against an overwhelming force. The delay saved Paris; for there was absolutely nothing, except

the Admiral's small force in St. Quentin, to prevent the Spaniards from marching direct upon the capital. The holding of this place was a greater service than that which Guise had rendered in the defence of Metz. But the fortune of war was against Coligny. Guise succeeded—he failed. Yet the merit was no greater in one case than in the other. Guise performed a splendid exploit, which all the world applauded; Coligny another, but its importance was lost on those Parisians whose lives and fortunes it saved. Because the place fell, Coligny was ranked as unsuccessful.

Briefly, the city was taken; the Admiral and Andelot made prisoners. The latter escaped, wading breast-deep through the marshes; Coligny failed to get away.

It was one Francisque Diaz who made him prisoner. He disarmed his prize, and led him through a mine, in order to avoid the German soldiers, who would probably have murdered him. On the way, they met Philibert Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, the Imperialist General, who refused to believe that it was the Admiral. That doubt, however, was soon solved, and the next day the Duke gave proof of a certain unexplained personal animosity in the treatment of his illustrious prisoner. Perhaps, ignorant of the truth, he held Coligny responsible for the breaking of the truce. For, while he set La Roche-

foucauld, also a prisoner, opposite to himself at table, the Admiral was placed at the lower end, among the captains and gentlemen—a curious illustration of the manners of the period, there being not the least doubt of the Admiral's rank and position. One might expect the same sort of thing, at the present day, from a Grand Duke of Russia. The Spaniards took their prisoner first to Lille, then to Sluys, and lastly to Ghent.

During his captivity, the Admiral had, for the first time in his busy life, the leisure, first, to write a memoir of the siege of St. Quentin, which we may fairly consider as his apology, and, secondly, to consider his religious position.

We have seen that, in his boyhood, he was exposed to influences directly hostile to the old order of things. His mother's friends had leanings towards reform. She herself, the brave woman, courageous in her convictions, died refusing to see a priest at her death-bed. He had been accustomed to hear contempt and scorn poured upon the unreformed Catholic Church. His brother, the Cardinal, had been steadfastly labouring to abolish the abuses of his diocese. His brother, Andelot, had already gone over. His nephew, Condé, was ready to go over. His own wife was ready. Andelot's wife was ready. All the men and women whom he had learned to respect were either gone over or were ready to go

over. He had been prepared, by his education and by his surroundings, to consider during his whole life the possibility of the step. We have seen that he had not regarded unmoved the sufferings of "ceux de la Religion." He was already more than half a Huguenot.

And now the opportunity came to him, as it had already come to his brother Andelot, to meditate in quiet on the pretensions of Authority and the claims of Free-thought.

He became, as was inevitable in those days for a scholar who accepted the Bible, as a whole, as the inspired Word of God, a Protestant, and a Presbyterian. Apart from early Christian history and tradition—apart from modern criticism—no other conclusion seems possible from the New Testament than that which commended itself alike, and independently, to logical Frenchmen and logical Scotchmen.

Attempts have been made to show that his conversion was dictated by political motives. Nothing can be more absurd. In becoming a Huguenot, the Admiral lost the favour of the King, the interest of the Constable, all that he had acquired. It seemed as if he would have to retire to the obscurity of his own castle—happy, if he could be allowed to lead the rest of his life in peaceful practice of his own religion. What his grandfather had been to Charles VIII., he had aspired to become to Henry II.—his

general, his adviser, his minister, his ruler. Such a position was within his reach. Montmorency's eldest son was not ambitious. Henry, inspired by the dying words of his father, entertained a suspicion of Guise. The King knew what was the nature of the service rendered at St. Quentin. He knew, too, the solid services already rendered by the Admiral, and the wisdom of his counsels. And these counsels, too, would always be thrown into the scale of moderation, toleration, favour for the oppressed Huguenots.

Consider, again, the other side. He might fairly assure himself that his name, his position, even his body-guard of gentlemen, would protect him from such persecution as befel the poor tailors and cobblers whom they hung up in chains to roast at slow fires. But he would pass over to the minority; he would disappear out of possible future courtly distinction; he would lose all that he had hitherto striven for. As for his new co-religionists, no one knew how many there were of them—how many would stand the test of persecution. There was as yet no thought of rebellion, no hope of anything but present suffering and future triumph.

Another thing must have been clear to him. In becoming a Protestant, he would become the head and chief of the Protestants. Louis de Condé was of the blood-royal, like his brother Antoine. These princes would be the nominal leaders; but he, and no one

else, would be the real leader. And he knew not yet what following he would have.

We must remember, then, that, in passing over to the Reformed Church, Coligny began by losing all—influence, future favour, everything. What did he gain? The headship of a party which as yet was no party, but an unorganised mob—thick in one place, sparse in another—as yet with no thought of resistance, cowering under persecution, reading the Bible furtively, trembling at the thought of the stake, and yet resolute to die rather than give up their faith—but a mob, only a mob, and, in the eyes of the Court, only a few pestilent agitators: once they were buried and done with, the thing itself called Calvinism would quickly disappear out of France. It was just exactly as if Judas Maccabæus had been General-in-Chief of the Greek forces in Syria, before he seceded to the Jewish national party, in order to become chief of guerillas, who as yet had no thought of fighting, did not know their own strength, and were cowering in separate bands among the highlands of Judea.

Hitherto, Coligny had made a compromise. He seems to have believed, with Erasmus, that the Church might be reformed from within. He looked for acts of liberalism and progress, and dreaded revolt. All his sympathies as a soldier and a great noble were naturally on the side of authority and order. He was not alone in this attitude. The best

French scholars either did not leave the Church, or, if they secretly disbelieved her doctrines, did not join the Reformers. His own mother, although she died without a priest, an example to all, never joined the ranks of the Religion. Queen Marguerite and her followers, Roussel, Briçonnet, and the venerable Lefévre, never left the Church. Now, he saw that the time for compromise was gone. He must come out of the false and corrupt Church. It was his imprisonment which gave him leisure for study and reflection, and this was regarded afterwards by his own party and by himself as a special interposition of Providence to bring about his conversion. He went into prison with a mind full of doubts—he came out of it with those doubts resolved.

The religious creed which satisfied the soul of Coligny, and has ever since been professed by French Protestants, is a form of Presbyterianism. He held, with all the wisest and most of the best men of his and later times, that the Christian priesthood is of human, not Divine, ordinance; that its pretensions to supernatural powers are based on no foundations in the Bible, his only authority; that every man must work his own way by the grace of God to the Kingdom of Heaven; that the ecclesiastical structure which had grown up little by little in the fifteen hundred years of Christian history ought to be swept clean away, with Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests,

monks, nuns, and masses. He would not be satisfied with such a compromise as the English accepted: he would have a Reform more radical, a creed more logical.

The ministers and pastors of the Reformed flock were, according to the Admiral's ideas, purely teachers. Their sermons occupied the place of books to people who could not read, or who had but one book, the Bible. It was their special work to teach how to read and interpret the Bible; to keep their hearers, mostly ignorant men, in the way of good doctrine, as they understood it; and to guard them from falling into those excesses which occurred in England and in Germany, but never in sober France. It is remarkable to observe that, until late years, there has been perfect unanimity of doctrine among French Protestants. The good sense of the French is singularly illustrated by this circumstance. One section of the nation, starting with the premise that the Bible is to be the only foundation of faith, and that it is not only lawful but necessary for every man to read and study it for himself, came unanimously to what seems to me the only logical outcome possible on such assumptions—a Presbyterian creed of what we now call a narrow order. It must be remembered that the modern methods of Biblical criticism and interpretation have widened the bounds of the Christian creed.

There could be, however, no question of toleration, as we understand it now. Coligny knew well, when he joined the Reform, that he was about to engage in a gigantic struggle, the issue of which it was impossible to foretell. There was, it is true, the example of England; but there was little chance that Henry the Second would carry out what Francis had been afraid to undertake. The Catholics and the Protestants could not live side by side; that, Coligny thought at first, was impossible. On the one side, there was the memory of burnings and murders with the conviction of truth; on the other, the anger and astonishment of men, quietly in possession, who saw their good things wrested from them, and their ease of mind disturbed. And the latter, being in power, used it with all the brutality which has ever distinguished the stronger in religious matters. Yet there were found, even among Catholics, some who cried out against persecution. "Never," says Tavannes, "was malady of the brain worse treated than Calvinism. The patients ought not to have been burned and treated with such extraordinary remedies, because the more a thing is prohibited, the more it is desired. Cruelty supported with constancy confirmed them in their obstinacy. It was enough to deprive them of places and benefices, to condemn them to fines, and to amend the lives of our own ecclesiastics. We have angered God by the cruelty of their punish-

ments, and there was no reason for making them pretend to be martyrs. Many of these perverted persons believed that they were dying for Jesus Christ. Religion lies in belief, which can be influenced by reason, but not by flames."

These remarkable and noble words are written by a soldier, and not a priest.

Note that, while the Admiral was in his prison revolving these difficulties, his rival, Guise, was advancing rapidly in reputation and in power. He took Calais—from plans prepared by Coligny, his enemies say, but this is not certain. He was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. His brother, the Cardinal, was made Minister of Finance, and their niece, Mary Queen of Scots, was married to the Dauphin.

It should be observed that the rivalry of Guise and the Admiral did not prevent the former from speaking in the highest praise of Andelot's services at Calais. Guise was hot-headed, arrogant, and aggressive, but he was not ungenerous.

Andelot, after the taking of Calais, was accused by the King himself of being a Huguenot. "Sire," said the fiery soldier, "in matters of religion, I cannot use concealment, or deceive God. Dispose as you please of my life, my goods, my offices; but my soul is only subject to the Creator, from whom I have received it. Him alone I must obey as the Almighty

Master. In one word, I would rather die than go to mass."

He did not die, but he had to go to prison, and his office of Colonel-General of Infantry was taken from him. Nor did he receive his liberty until his uncle, the Constable, obtained it for him.

Peace with Spain was signed on the second of April, 1559. The Admiral obtained his release for a ransom of 50,000 crowns, and came back to France, but not to his former position of influence.

Nevertheless, the prospects of the Chatillon party were not desperate, in spite of the conversion of the two brothers. Tavannes balances the hopes and fears of both parties as follows—"Friendship was on the side of the Constable; the marriage of the Dauphin, the sagacity of the Lorraines, the taking of Calais, the loss of the battle of St. Quentin, made for the Guise faction; the charge against Guise of having violated the treaty of Vaucelles, the fruitless campaign in Italy, supplanted the favour of the King." After the peace, which was a disgraceful ending to a disgraceful war, and which disgusted the Lorraines, who had brought about the war, the Admiral retired to his Castle of Chatillon, where, for the next three months, he enjoyed a brief repose with his family, and followed his favourite pursuits of collecting books, pictures, and objects of art, while he strengthened himself in his new faith.

It must not be forgotten that Coligny was a scholar, taught by the best teacher in all France, and trained, besides, in all the culture possible, at a time in which culture, in the modern sense, was a distinguishing mark of nobility. Rabelais, for instance, was a scholar, but he was not acquainted with Art. Dolet was a scholar, but he had no knowledge of sculpture or pictures. Coligny—whose scholarship stopped short at his twentieth year, and cannot therefore be compared with that of the colossal students of his time—added to his love of books a love of things artistic. He surrounded his home, this gloomy old castle, with a modern *manoir*, after the fashion invented by René of Anjou, and enriched it with all things precious to the men who love things beautiful. This gloomy ascetic, as his enemies paint him, lived in his home bathed in the love of wife and children, in the midst of pictures, gardens, statues, books, arms, armour, carriages, painted glass, and all the *bric-à-brac* of the sixteenth century, which delights the heart of the nineteenth.

All the world knew by this time that he had joined the Religion. Those of the faith thanked God publicly and in private. The hearts of the persecuted revived. Every man felt that though he, and others like him, small and insignificant, and of no account, might look to be roasted alive, yet that so great a seigneur was safe from Sorbonne and from

priest. And his safety made the safety of many. The arm of the Lord had been stretched out indeed, and a mighty man of war was on their side. Coligny was to be the Joshua of the chosen people.

The time, indeed, was near at hand when the Reformed would need all the protection they could get. The King, waxing daily more incensed against them, threatened new and more vigorous punishments. Full arrangements were made for introducing the Inquisition. No one suspected the real strength of the Protestants; yet rumours ran abroad that they were no longer counted by hundreds, but by tens of thousands. Fears were entertained in the Louvre that, should they rise, they would bring across the frontier swarms of their co-religionists. Calvin was at Geneva, waiting, it was said, to launch his hosts of avenging zealots. Everywhere there were threatening symptoms of discontent. The Psalms of Marot were raised again in the Pré aux Clercs. Moderate men among the Catholics said openly that there had been enough of burning. The Lorraines alone advised the King that there was no safety except in the assertion of authority.

The portrait of the Admiral prefixed to this volume belongs to this period. None exists of an earlier time. One would have liked to see Coligny as a young man, when he was yet the friend of Guise, and both were happy lads, living in the

sunshine of the hour, flaunting their colours about Paris, and riding side by side in every tilt.

This is the portrait of a man in middle life—from forty to fifty. He has a thin spare figure, with narrow and sloping shoulders; his head is small, fairly shaped, and proudly poised; thin, straight hair, closely cut, lies over a lofty forehead, square, not narrow; his eyes are full, clear, and sad—there are no smiles lurking in their depths, but a great capacity for sorrow; the nose is long and straight, with delicate nostrils; the face is oval and thin, with sunken cheeks, ending in a small rounded beard, cut to the shape of a pointed chin, which one may perceive, in spite of the beard, to be long and firm; the lips are closely set, but mobile, and the upper lip is too thin. In the corners of the eyes are crows-feet, and across the brow are long wrinkles which tell of many a sleepless night. The face is surrounded by a high stiff ruff, which adds to the set sadness of its expression; it has little external beauty, and nothing except the steady eye to show why thousands upon thousands waited in patience to be pillaged and murdered, because the Admiral told them the time was not yet come, or why, at his bidding, they rushed upon an enemy three times as strong, in faith as mighty as that which filled the hearts of Gideon's three hundred. The face is that of a grave man, stern at all times, just even to harshness, and trusted

because of his justness—the face of a man for whom this world had few pleasures—who loved power for what he could do with it—who had pushed the priest aside, and stood, solemnly, face to face with God.

The Admiral's manner of living was extremely abstemious. He drank little wine, and ate little meat. He slept, at most, six hours. To complete his portrait, let us add the words of his servant, Cornaton—"He was of middle height, with well-proportioned limbs; of a calm and serene countenance; he had a voice soft and pleasing, yet rather slow and hesitating; his complexion was clear; his demeanour was grave, yet full of grace and kindness."

The lance of Montgomery produced the first of those dramatic effects which abound in the history of the Huguenots. Henry the Second died, killed by the splint of a broken spear. There could, for the moment, be no question of the Inquisition. The Protestants breathed again. Respite, with them, meant time for development. Their strength lay in waiting.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANCIS II.

THE last twelve years of Coligny's life are the last three acts of a tragedy in which the stage is crowded with figures, every one of which merits a special study. But the central figure is that of the Admiral.

Let us briefly study the situation at the accession of Francis the Second.

The country was impoverished by war. The treasury was empty. The roads were crowded with disbanded soldiers, fain to pillage from sheer necessity, and eager for some new war. At Court there were three parties. The first of these was the Lorraine family, headed by the Duke of Guise, uncle of the King. With them was the whole power of the Church in France. They were backed, as well, by the Pope and the King of Spain. By means of their niece, Mary Queen of Scotland as well as of France, they did what they pleased with the frail and sickly boy of sixteen.

The second party was headed by Montmorency and the Chatillons. With them were nearly the whole of the French nobility, especially the lesser nobles. Many of these had embraced the new Religion. All of them were jealous of the influence of the Lorraine foreigners. The nominal leaders of this party were the Bourbon princes.

Lastly, there was the Queen-mother.

The judgment of the world upon this woman has been hard indeed. No other name of woman in the history of the world is more loathed and execrated than that of Catherine. Nor would I seek to remove the monument of hatred which makes her tomb conspicuous. But one is compelled to pity her. From the time when she lived, neglected by her husband, to the day when she died, just before the last of her sons completed by a violent death the history of her brood, no rest, or ease, or cessation from anxieties ever came to her. Trouble was heaped on trouble, and each, as it came, found her more afraid than ever ; each, by reason of her cowardice, duplicity, and treachery, became the parent of new and ever-increasing troubles. Of all women who have ever been queen, she was, perhaps, the most mischievous ; of all women who ever lived, she must have been the most miserable.

The elder branch of the House of Bourbon became extinct by the death of the Constable de Bourbon, killed at the siege of Rome. The descendants, there-

fore, of Robert de Clermont, brother of Louis IX., and founder of the House of Bourbon, were now represented by the three sons of Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Vendome. The eldest of these, Antoine, was married to Jeanne d'Albret, and bore the title of King of Navarre. He was a feeble and fickle prince, unstable in his engagements, alternately swayed by his wife and by some one of Catherine's sirens, the ladies of her Court, by whom she caught, and betrayed to their destruction, great lords, like Antoine, of uncertain policy. He was alternately Catholic and Protestant. It is characteristic of him that he died in a state of uncertainty as to his religion.

The next brother, Louis de Condé, was of very different character. He was that typical Frenchman in whom his countrymen always delight—of gay and mirthful temperament, always cheerful, always hopeful, always ready to fight, loyal and faithful to all his engagements. No vacillator like Antoine, he adhered firmly to the religion which he had once embraced. But he was by no means austere, his morals leaving, it must be owned, much to be desired. He had married Eleonore de Roye, daughter of Coligny's half-sister, and was therefore a kind of nephew to the Chatillons.

The new reign began with a general feeling among all parties that there had been too much persecution

for opinion. The country had been already once threatened with the Inquisition; perhaps an attempt might again be made to establish that detestable institution. Although the times were hard and cruel —although breaking on the wheel, boiling in oil, slow burning at the stake, were punishments considered as part of the necessary framework of society, it was one thing to smash the limbs of a murderer with a heavy iron, or to plunge him into flames, and another to hang up over the fire some poor innocent wretch, whose only fault was that he had read the New Testament, and dared to have opinions.

But then, while men looked for moderate counsels, there came the affair of Anne du Bourg.

Anne du Bourg, at this time thirty-eight years of age, nephew of the late Chancellor of France, was a magistrate and *juris consult* of the highest reputation. He lectured on law at Orleans, and was afterwards appointed *conseiller clerc* to the Parliament of Paris. Early in 1559, Henry II., then brimful of zeal against the Huguenots, and incapable of seeing anything better than to make short work of them by establishing the Inquisition, repaired to the Parliament, and invited the advice of the House upon this measure. He met with an expression of opinion which he scarcely expected. Louis Dufaur gave the King a solemn warning. "Look that they say not to thee as Elijah said to Ahab, 'It is thou that troublest

Israel!'" Du Bourg spoke even more plainly. He complained that, while blasphemers, adulterers, murderers, and criminals of all kinds escaped justice, the House was asked to assist in devising fresh tortures for folk against whom no crime could be reproached. "Can we," he said, "impute treason to men who make no mention of princes save in their prayers? Why are they regarded as seditious, save because, by the light of Holy Scripture, they have revealed the turpitude of that Church of Rome which is tottering to its fall?"

Dufaur and Du Bourg were both committed to prison. During their trial, the King died. Yet they were not set at liberty. Then the Elector Palatine asked for the release of Du Bourg, whom he designed to place at the head of the newly-founded Heidelburg University. As an act of policy he would have been released, but for the murder of his bitterest enemy, Menard, a judge in Paris, and a creature of the Cardinal de Lorraine. The act, probably committed by some mistaken or fanatic zealot, sealed the fate of the prisoner. Three days afterwards, Anne du Bourg was hanged, and his body burned.

Thus, at a time when all were hoping for milder measures, one more martyr was added to the list. The Huguenots were exasperated by this act of savage and needless ferocity. What had been done to Du Bourg might be done to every man among

them if the Guises had their own way. Then the eyes of all turned to the Bourbon Princes and to the Admiral, uncle of the second and the best loved.

The death of Du Bourg took place in December, 1559, five months after the accession of Francis. But in those five months a great deal had happened.

Antoine of Navarre lost the opportunity of seizing the person of the young King, and proclaiming himself Regent. Montmorency was dismissed from his office of Constable. The Guises assumed the whole control of affairs, ruling the King by means of Mary Queen of Scots, his young wife. They formed a plan of honourably removing the Chatillons from France altogether, by offering them employment in Scotland, which both refused. Catherine, seeing her own influence entirely gone, began to court the other party, and even held out hopes to the Admiral that she might join the new religion. He wrote her a letter, full of confidence that she would prove a second Esther. Alas! already the second Esther was arranging with Philip for the succour of 40,000 men, in case of need. Then the persecution was renewed in earnest. A vast reign of terror was commenced in all the great towns. In Paris, one Mouchy (whose name has been handed down to execration in the word *mouchard*, a spy) got together a band of spies, whose object was to detect heretics in the act of eating meat on Fridays,

or holding assemblies. Houses were sacked, their inhabitants murdered, the little children sent out into the streets, to starve and perish with cold. Engravings, rude but effective, were prepared and plastered on the walls, showing heretics engaged in torturing priests, or throwing monks into the water. The nobles came to the Court to complain of the general lawlessness and disorder; they received orders to quit the place within twenty-four hours—a gibbet was actually erected at the gates of the Castle as a menace to those who remained. Never before had such an insult been offered by a King to his nobility.

The first tentative step of the Reformers was a meeting held at Vendôme by Condé. The fiery Prince proposed an immediate appeal to arms. His uncle, the Admiral, counselled patience. He always advised patience. Not even the bitterest personal wrongs seemed able to make this long-suffering man cease to trust in patience. "Let us fly to arms!" cried Condé. Andelot seconded the advice. The Admiral pointed out that the King had attained his majority—that he had a right to appoint his own ministers—that it would be well first to let the Queen-mother understand the discontent and complaints of the people.

Then came the martyrdom of Du Bourg, and fresh insults offered to Antoine de Bourbon by the Guises.

Condé called another assembly at La Ferté, and again proposed a general insurrection. Again the Admiral spoke against it. This time he made no mention of Catherine: that hope was for the moment destroyed. But he had a policy, still of patience, which promised better than civil war. "We are agreed," he said, answering the possible suspicions of the party against Condé, and perhaps himself—"we are agreed that those who hope for the downfall of the Guises are influenced by no personal ambition, and have nothing in view but the interests of religion. Is it necessary to have recourse to arms, in order to put an end to this sanguinary persecution of the Church of Christ, which dishonours and compromises the kingdom? Where the Bourbons have failed, where I have failed, who knows if the intervention of foreign powers might not succeed? Why not invoke, in favour of their victims, the sympathies of the Protestant powers—the German princes, for example?"

The adoption of this prudent advice suspended civil war for the moment. It has been suggested by Coligny's enemies that this speech masked some secret design of personal ambition. The only reply to such a suggestion is that, in his lifetime, Catherine, her sons, the Lorraines themselves, never suspected the Admiral of the slightest treachery or double-dealing. In their eyes, as in the eyes of his own party, his word was always trusted. In that

age of deceits and treacheries, the Chatillon brothers seemed, even to their enemies, to be the only truthful men. And at that very moment, when the country was staggering to a civil war, when Paris was in a tumult of rage, not only the Huguenots alone, but all the bourgeois, on account of the murder of Du Bourg, it was the Admiral, Governor of Paris, whom the Court proposed to send into the city in order to allay the general indignation.

During the first half of this miserable reign, the Admiral lived entirely—save for the two meetings of Vendôme and La Ferté—in his Castle of Chatillon-sur-Loing. He had offered to resign his government of Paris and the Isle of France in favour of his cousin, son of the Constable, and that of Picardy in favour of Condé, his nephew.

It would seem that it was not until this time that he entered fully into communion with the Calvinists. One evening, it is related in Cornaton's Memoirs—the date of the memorable evening is not, unfortunately, stated—the Admiral, being at a meeting of Protestants, rose, and, having invited the congregation not to take offence at his infirmity, besought the ministers to answer him as to certain points concerning the celebration of the Lord's Supper. No doubt he was already convinced in his own mind, but proposed by these questions to emphasise in the minds of all the important step he was about to take. "The

Admiral, instructed by his discourse, returned thanks to God, and resolved to participate in this sacred and holy mystery on the first day of its celebration. The news of this having been spread throughout France, it is impossible to describe the joy and consolation which the churches thereby received."

He was in all things open to the influence of a wife whose character seems strongly to have resembled that of his mother, Louise de Montmorency. Charlotte de Laval anticipated her husband in the formal adoption of the Religion; she encouraged and aided him in his attempt not only to convert his household, but also to show them how the profession of a Reformed faith should be accompanied by the practice of the Christian life.

The Admiral's retinue at Chatillon was very large. Wherever so great a lord moved, he was accompanied by a troop of gentlemen in his service, and a small army of soldiers, servants, and miscellaneous following. He caused the Scriptures to be read to all this retinue, invited ministers to preach daily, and educated his children in the strictest manner of the most rigid Protestants.

His own manner of life was austere. Early in the morning, immediately after rising, he conducted prayers for the household, according to the form of the French Protestant Church. Remark that Coligny, in his own house, like his mother, would

not recognise the necessity of a priest. Every second day there was a sermon, with psalm-singing. The sermon in those days occupied the place of reading. Though most could read, books were few; and if Coligny's household possessed the New Testament, there were accessible none of the simple rules of interpretation which are familiar with most men of these latter days, and keep them from extravagances in doctrine. The minister was a teacher who instructed the people from day to day in the history and dogmas of a Church—based on the earliest forms of Christianity—previously unknown to them. How much teaching they required is manifest from some of the madnesses of German, Dutch, and English enthusiasts.

Public and private business occupied the Admiral till dinner-time—that is, till noon. A psalm was sung and grace said, either by himself or some minister, before and after dinner, whether at his own castle or in camp. The same custom was observed at supper, after which prayers were said and another psalm sung. And in his own house, it was his custom to call together the people before supper, and, after admonishing them that they would one day have to render an account of themselves to God, to reconcile any who had quarrelled during the day. Considering what a quarrelsome time this was, one may fairly conclude that the Admiral's hands were pretty full.

There can be no doubt, although the fact is charged against Coligny as if it were a crime, that, in joining the Protestants and assuming the real leadership of the party, he began immediately to organise them, to ascertain their strength, and to prepare for the inevitable struggle.

As yet, he shared in the delusion that the voice of sense and reason would prevail. Men who have arrived at a conviction after long and earnest thought must, in the nature of things, believe that all other men will be drawn along the same ways as themselves. We who live in an age when doubt and hesitancy have sapped all faith, cannot understand the joy, the passionate ardour, the enthusiasm, the steadfastness, the hope which filled the hearts of the Protestants. In every age there is a height which seems, to the faith of those who have attained to it, the summit of the mountain, the level of absolute truth. Coligny and his brethren stood upon that height. Below them lay fair France, like the Promised Land, darkened now by the murderous bands of Guise. They gazed with longing eyes, praying that to them, as to Joshua and his host, might be allowed the grace of conquest and possession. But—if not—to them, as to all in every age who stand on those lofty peaks, the Heavens were opened, and they heard the voice of God.

Coligny found the strength of the party far greater than he had any reason to hope. Lists came

to him from every part of France. He found that three-fourths of the lesser nobles, especially those whose rank corresponded with that of our class of country gentry, belonged to the Faith; it was not among these, however, that the priests sought their victims. A small proportion of magistrates and lawyers were among the converted. It is remarkable to observe how, in all religious crises, the tendency of lawyers is to remain on the orthodox or legal side. In every town was one congregation, at least, composed of the most respectable bourgeois and artisans. The women were everywhere eager for martyrdom, for revolt, and for armed demonstration. Converts were daily made to the cause. The priests were trembling; the bishops dismayed. Truly, it must have appeared to those who held this intelligence in their hands, that, in spite of the Court and the Lorraines, the struggle was well-nigh finished, and the victory at hand.

In looking for the causes of the failure of the French Reformation, in spite of all this goodly promise, it must be remembered that the French bishops, the best French scholars, the best French lawyers—though many of them viewed Catholicism with contempt, with pity, or with hatred—did not, except in isolated cases, cross over to the other camp. One understands the political difficulties which made Francis I. hesitate before establishing a Gallican

Church. These difficulties, though they still existed under Francis II. and Charles IX., were by no means so formidable. One cannot but perceive that, had the bishops and doctors been as ready as their brethren in England to shake off allegiance to Rome, some compromise might have been formed, which could have satisfied at the same time the pastors from Geneva and the reformed doctors of the Sorbonne.

The Reformers were not, however, equally spread over the whole of the country. They were strongest in the Provinces of Normandy, Poitou, Saintonge, Angoumois, Guyenne, part of Gascony, Béarn, Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné. They were more thinly scattered in the other provinces. In other words, they preponderated over a good third of France, and were in a minority in the remaining two-thirds. Nowhere were they entirely wanting in representation, and everywhere they were eager to spread their doctrine.

Then came the conspiracy of Amboise.

This was an attempt, headed by a gentleman named La Renaudie, to seize on the King, who, with his uncles, was at the Castle of Amboise. The attempt failed; but it nearly succeeded, and it opened the eyes of the Guises to the danger of the situation. All the conspirators agreed in stating that they obeyed the orders of a chief whose name was

unknown to them except as the *Captaine muet*, the Dumb Captain. All agreed, likewise, in stating that the Admiral knew nothing of the plot.

If anything is certain, it is the fact that the conspirators feared to take the Admiral into their confidence. If anything is probable, it is that the *Captaine muet* was none other than Condé. But La Renaudie was killed in the fray, and no one but himself knew the truth. Perhaps there was no Dumb Captain at all.

The executions after the conspiracy roused the deepest feelings of indignation over the whole of France. Twelve hundred were butchered. To save time, the victims were tied back to back, and flung into the Loire. Gentlemen were brought forth to be hung after the King had taken dinner, as a pleasant and refreshing sight for himself, his Queen, the Queen-mother, and the ladies of the Court. They still show the balcony, overlooking the river, in which Mary Queen of Scots, a child of fifteen, sat beside her husband, Francis II., to gaze upon the death-struggles of the victims, the Guises exhorting the royal boy to rejoice in the death of his enemies. Let us pity these children. They were only what they were taught to be.

Brantôme says that, although the conspiracy of Amboise was not popular, these cruelties effected a revulsion of feeling, so that many "who yesterday would not have been in it for all the universe,

would join in it to-day for the smallest coin, and now declare that the enterprise was good and holy."

To strengthen his own party, the Duke of Guise now caused himself to be appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom; and his brother, the Cardinal, relying on Spanish support, pressed forward the project of establishing the Inquisition in France. He procured the consent of the Privy Council, and that of the Queen-mother. But the Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital, succeeded in warding off the blow by procuring, in place of the Inquisition, a new Edict, that of Remorantin, by which cognizance of the crime of heresy was restored to the bishops. Now the bishops, one is pleased to record, were, as a rule, disposed to try the mildest measures of conciliation.

The Admiral, after the Amboise business, repaired to Havre, where he occupied himself with the naval armaments; and he wrote to Catherine, pointing out that religious intolerance and the presence of the Lorraines were the only causes of the troubles at home. Happily, he found himself supported by the Chancellor, Michel de l'Hospital. Thanks to his persuasion, an assembly of Notables was summoned to Fontainebleau for the twenty-first August.

It was time for the convocation of the States General. The Edict of Remorantin was too late. Everywhere the Protestants, so far from hiding their opinions, were beginning to hold their public worship

openly. All through the "infected provinces," the Reformers came forth without disguise; in some places they seized Roman Catholic churches for their own use; and when the Guises gave orders to hang the preachers without trial, and to sweep clean "all the rabble who lived like the Genevese," the arm of the Executive was too weak to carry out their instructions, and attempts were everywhere followed by murderous reprisals.

It became evident that the time had gone by for edicts, and that the Inquisition, if established, would have to be supported by arms. The advice of Guise, as impetuous as Condé, was to proceed at once to open war. It was by war, and war alone, that his own supremacy could be maintained. He and his brothers were regarded by nobles and bourgeois alike with the jealousy which always attaches to foreigners, though they were born on French soil, and were sons of a French princess. And they were justly regarded as the cause of those persecutions which outraged and disgusted every moderate man.

The Assembly of Notables was called for the 21st August. It was presided over by the King, in the Great Hall at Fontainebleau. With him were the Queen, the Queen-mother, and his brothers. Among the lords present were the Dukes of Guise and Aumale, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Cardinal de Chatillon, the Constable de Montmorency, the Ad-

miral, and the Chancellor Michel de l'Hospital. The Bourbon Princes did not attend, fearing some treachery. This was against the advice of the Admiral. They were, no doubt, guided by the belief that, as he was himself about to bell the cat, the other leaders of the party, for the safety of the cause, had better keep away.

The conference began with certain formal statements, by Guise and the Cardinal, on the administration of the army and the finances.

Then the Admiral rose, and, to the consternation of everybody, advanced to the throne with two petitions, which he presented—the one to the King, the other to the Queen-mother—each bearing the inscription, "The supplication of those who, in divers provinces, invoke the name of God, according to the rule of piety." The King, taken by surprise, received the document and handed it to his Secretary, L'Aubépine, who read it aloud. It had been carefully and soberly prepared. The petitioners declared that they were no favourers of disturbance and sedition. "The Gospel which we profess teaches us the contrary, and we do not hesitate to say that we never understood so well our duty towards your Majesty as we have understood it by means of the holy doctrine that is preached to us." The petition concluded by asking permission to practise their religion without disturbance, and to meet in open day.

Guise called attention to the fact that the petition was unsigned.

"I will get fifty thousand signatures in Normandy alone," said the Admiral.

"And I," cried Guise, "will get five hundred thousand who will sign the reverse with their blood."

The House proceeded to deliberate on the general religious question. Two bishops, Jean de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, and Charles de Marillac, Archbishop of Vienne, spoke words of great moment on the condition of the Church, and proposed measures of conciliation. The bishops, they said, had been non-resident, careless about their dioceses, sometimes mere children, often leading scandalous lives. The curés were ignorant and greedy; many of them had been valets, lackeys, cooks, or barbers. They proposed that sermons should be daily heard by the King; that the Psalms of Marot should be restored to the Court; and that no benefice of the Church should be sold or bought.

Then Coligny rose.

His manner was slow and hesitating, but he spoke of things which demand consideration; his utterance was clear; he gave way to no invective; his discourse, sustained and yet sober, carried conviction to all who heard it. He set forth that the only method of pacifying the kingdom was the calling of the States General. He claimed for his friends the right

of worshipping in their own way; and he pointed out, as foreign to the traditions and institutions of the country, the recent formation of a Royal Guard, which was little short of an army, ostensibly for the protection of the King. What King of France, he asked, had ever before needed other protection than that of a couple of lackeys?

The Guises, of course, opposed the calling of the States General; but they were overruled, and orders were given that the preparatory steps should be taken towards holding a national council on matters of religion. The hope of moderate men, such as the two Bishops of Valence and Vienne, was that, while any who chose might continue to hold the Calvinistic creed, such a compromise might be formed with the Catholic party, such a reform effected in the old faith, as might lead to a Gallican Church capable of holding within its arms, like that which had been created in England, Calvinist and Sacerdotalist—the man who believed in Apostolical succession, confession, and absolution, side by side with him who would acknowledge no priest, who stood on his right to read, examine, and learn for himself the foundations of his faith.

This project, which failed, must be added to the long list of benefits which the wisdom of the Admiral would have conferred upon France. A separation from Rome; a strong confederation with the other

Protestant states, England, Holland, and Germany; religions leading naturally to political liberty; permission to the whole nation to *think*—what would not France have become had the Admiral's dream been realised?

We who have been brought up, happily, under a Protestant form of faith, are apt to forget the mighty privileges really involved in any one of the various forms of Protestantism. The creed may be narrow; we may have small sympathy with its exclusiveness; we may pass out of it and beyond it: but it must be remembered that the *possibility* of this passage is the essential part of all Protestantism. Those who are born Protestants are born free—*liberi*, not *liberti*. They are encouraged to exercise the most precious right of freedom—that of private judgment; they are taught that it is a duty to examine and to criticise for themselves. This right, claimed by Protestants for the most important of all subjects, extends also over the less important. It brings with it the ready and fearless acceptance of personal responsibility, the spirit of enterprise, the practice of honour, the duty of morality. When each man stands by himself, his life should be a long personal struggle with ignorance, apathy, servility, and self-indulgence, the eternal enemies of the human race, the actual existing devils which hold us down and would keep us down. When he depends upon a priest,

this fighting is done for him; he is taught from infancy to submit his judgment in things spiritual to authority. The line of demarcation between things spiritual and things temporal can never be drawn with precision; if it were so drawn, ambitious priests, and feeble men who cannot stand alone, would speedily pass it. Authority extends her domain till the whole of life is subjected. Then personal responsibility, self-respect, dignity, enterprise, all vanish. It can never be too strongly insisted that, in Catholic countries, intellectual and scientific progress is only possible in proportion as religion is neglected. Let it be remembered to the praise of Coligny, that he was one of that noble army of reformers who have toiled to remove from the neck of mankind the intolerable yoke of sacerdotalism.

The Guises began to take the preliminary steps, without the least intention of holding the States General. They had conceived another plan more in harmony with their own ideas of government. They would decoy the Bourbon Princes into their power, and then either coerce them into submission or murder them.

This plot was commenced with great success. Antoine de Bourbon and the Prince de Condé were invited to the Court to take their places at the meeting. At the moment of entering Orleans, the latter was arrested, and the former placed under

strict watch. Condé, on being questioned by commissioners, refused to reply, pleading that a prince of the blood-royal could only be tried by the King and his peers, before the assembled House of Parliament. This plea was overruled, and he remained in prison, waiting for the mockery of a trial which was to end in certain execution. As for Antoine, his brother, it was resolved to murder him in the presence of the King, who was to give the signal. Francis, from some reason—let us hope a feeling of honour—did not give the signal. The King of Navarre, therefore, escaped.

Coligny, to whom had just been confided the government of Havre, hastened with his brother, the Cardinal, to join the Bourbon Princes. They found Condé imprisoned, and Antoine under surveillance. They alone, of all the nobles at the Court, had the courage to stand by the threatened King of Navarre, and to pay him openly their accustomed court and deference. At the same time, there can be little doubt that they used all their influence with Catherine to prevent the execution of Condé. In this they would be joined by Montmorency, who was also at the Court. We must not forget that Catherine always showed, even when she might have been expected to be the most hostile to the Admiral, a most remarkable respect for his judgment, his loyalty, and his ability. It seems as if she turned,

with true womanly instinct, from the atmosphere of duplicity in which she lived, to breathe the fresh air which surrounded the one man of true words whom she knew.

Much more, however, was determined upon. It was resolved that not only the Princes should be put out of the way, but that every heretic in the kingdom should, in one day, be murdered. In other words, to Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, belongs the honour of inventing this idea of a general massacre, which Catherine, later on, successfully carried out. Let everyone have credit for his own works. Catherine did not devise the scheme of St. Bartholomew; it was due to her two ministers.

The scheme, a very notable one, was to be carried out in this way. On a certain day, every Frenchman in the country was to be called on to sign a formula of doctrine. The formula was *drawn up by the Cardinal himself.* It was such as no Protestant could accept. This day of general murder was to be that on which Christ was born. On Christmas day, the King was to present this "rat-trap of Huguenots," as the Cardinal called it, to all the princes, officers, and knights of his Court; the Queen was to present it to all the ladies; the Chancellor to the deputies of the States General, and the *maitres des requêtes;* the chiefs of Parliament and the bailiwicks to their subordinates; governors of provinces to the gentry;

curés to every inhabitant of their parishes; heads of houses to their servants. Whoever should refuse to sign was to be executed.

Everything was ready for the execution of this diabolical scheme. Condé was in prison; he could be slaughtered at any moment. Antoine was under watch and ward; he could not escape. The Chatillons were at the Court, cajoled by Catherine. The terms of the "rat-trap" were decided upon. And then occurred the second of those dramatic surprises which abound in this history. The young King, not yet seventeen years of age, and always feeble, was attacked by an abscess in the ear. He rapidly grew worse. Public processions were made in Paris for his recovery. In his despair, the poor boy called upon the Virgin and all the saints for help, promising that, should he be restored, he would spare no one—neither wife nor mother nor brothers, should they be tainted with heresy.

One is tempted to believe that the Virgin and the saints must have heard his vows, and resolved, with one accord, that so dangerous a boy could not be permitted to live. He died, and was huddled into his grave at St. Denis, unattended and unlamented. And the rat-trap was never set, and therefore caught no one.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONY OF FLORIDA.

WE have seen how, in a time when there seemed to lie no hope anywhere for the Protestants of France save in exile, Coligny essayed to establish a Land of Refuge across the Atlantic. He failed, through the folly, the obstinacy, and the bad faith of the soldier-monk whom he was persuaded to put in command. Yet, had the first attempt been followed up, even after the defection of Villegagnon and the defeat of Bois-le-Duc, Brazil might still have been made French. We have now to record a second and more serious effort made by the Admiral in the same direction, and to tell how Florida was nearly wrested from the hands of the Spaniard.

This attempt belongs to the reign of Charles the Ninth. Its history is inserted here because it is a separate chapter in the life of Coligny—because it has never before, I believe, been told in English—and because it has nothing to do with the history of the twelve years' civil war which makes up the melancholy conclusion of this volume.

If things looked threatening on the accession of Francis II., they looked no less black at his death. True, the Guises were for a time out of power, and Catherine was Regent. Yet there was no obedience anywhere, and no authority. After the slaughter of Amboise, a stream of blood separated the two religions. Every town was divided into hostile camps. Every country gentleman saw in his nearest neighbour either a brother partisan or an implacable enemy. The churches were schools of fanatic revenge; the temples, where lately only the gentle gospel of patience had been preached, were beginning to resound with the doctrine of armed resistance. The nation, in the reign of Francis, had lost its self-respect. An Italian woman, or the brothers of the Lorraine House, ruled the King, who was but a boy. A fashion foreign to the spirit of the nation surrounded the monarch with a small army. The country owned no army, while every great noble had, like the King, his camp of followers. There was no money to maintain the fleet. The influence of Spain and Austria was dominant in Italy and the Netherlands. And it was humiliating to know that Philip kept 40,000 men ready to be launched upon France in support of orthodoxy.

As for the leaders, the ruling passion was personal ambition. It may have already occurred to the Guises that, were the sickly Valois Princes removed,

they might themselves, by a lucky *coup*, seize on the throne as descendants from the good King John. Mostly, however, they seemed to have played, like Catherine, the game of the hour, contented with winning for a day the little stake of personal power which they played for. Of the Bourbon Princes, Antoine was of little account; Condé, more ambitious and of more generous mould, was yet incapable of becoming a statesman. Of the nobles, Montmorency, now old, was prejudiced and obstinate: there only remained the Admiral, the one man in France who, in this black hour, yet dared to hope, and to plan for, her future greatness. Looking out upon the wretchedness of the country, he could say, with Ronsard—

> No law, no rule: all at the strongest word
> Directed so: the workman leaves his board;
> The carpenter his shop; the shepherds keep
> No watch or ward o'er their forsaken sheep;
> Lawyers forget their briefs; the sailors leave
> Their ships; hands, honest once, rejoice to thieve;
> The student, turned to vice, forsakes his book;
> Yon sword was erst a farmer's reaping-hook;
> That pike was headed from a garden rake;
> And that long lance was once a hedge-row stake.
> Dead is authority; and all, at will,
> Live as they please, for misrule or for ill.

He saw that this state of things could not last.

Civil war, unless some compromise could be effected, would destroy what anarchy had left. If, six years before, a Land of Refuge was desirable, it seemed doubly so now; and in the anxiety which preceded the first outbreak of religious war, he devised and arranged his next attempt to establish a permanent French settlement on the shores of America.

This time he turned his eyes to Florida.

There were several reasons why Florida seemed fitter for his purposes than Brazil. First of all, it was reported to be a country of surpassing fertility and mild climate. Its native tribes—the Natchez, Seminoles, and Apalaches—were perpetually at war with each other—a fact which made them less dangerous. Then it was reported not only to possess the fountain of perpetual health and youth—which the Admiral might be disposed to set down as a fable—but also inexhaustible mines of silver and gold. Again, the Spaniards, by their cruelties, had excited the most intense hatred among the Indians; and, lastly, the country was still claimed by Spain—Florida meaning the whole coast now occupied by the Southern States—and to effect a settlement there, would be to make war upon Spain.

War with Spain, Frenchman standing by Frenchman, not Frenchmen longing to tear one another's throats while Philip launched upon the Huguenots his threatened 40,000 men—this was the dream

of the Admiral. Coligny had been brought up, like Sir Walter Raleigh, his junior by thirty years, to hate the Spaniards. Spain, to him, was the natural enemy of France. To carry the war into the enemy's country, was to create a diversion; to claim a portion of America, was to establish permanent war with Spain, to change that army of orthodox succour into an army of invasion, and to enrage the people against the Lorraines, who were capable of inviting a foreign foe to help them against their own countrymen. A very short time, and, by the irony of fate, the Admiral was fain to do the very same thing.

It was thus with mixed motives that he designed his Florida colony. The Protestants were to have a place where freedom of thought would be conceded to them without dispute. The Spaniards were to be braved on their own soil. The King of Spain was to be provoked to become an enemy to the whole, instead of an ally to the half, of France. The Admiral understood the advantage of fighting Spain at a distance, where the French might get, what the Spaniards never could, native auxiliaries; and where the difficulties of ocean transport might be increased by the multiplication of French privateers.

The chief of the first expedition was Jean Ribaut, a sailor of proved daring and skill, and a Huguenot—there must be no more confidence in Catholics or Knights of Malta. Ribaut was a man after the

Admiral's own heart—firm, with the habit and the ability to command, faithful and trustworthy.

Ribaut sailed from Havre in February, 1562. He had under his command two "roberges," heavy solid vessels, slow sailers, with rounded poops. On board these ships were gathered together a good number of soldiers and workmen, with a few gentlemen. All were Protestants. One or two had been in Brazil with Villegagnon. The sailors were all from Dieppe. After avoiding the most frequented line, Ribaut sighted land two months after starting. It was the coast of Florida, most probably near the modern town of St. Augustine. He followed the shore, and discovered to the north a magnificent river, whose wooded banks and clear waters, coupled with the splendour of the climate and the beauty of the vegetation, induced him to land and to take possession after the French fashion. Every nation had its custom of taking possession. The Northmen lit a beacon-fire, and claimed as their own all the land from which its rays could be seen. The Spaniards sprang ashore, waving a sword to the four cardinal points. The French erected a stone on which were engraved the arms of France.

Ribaut proceeded to name the river—at the mouth of which were two islets—the Chenonceaux, after the charming Royal country-house of that name built over its little river; the port he called Port Royal; the islets

he named Libourne and Charlesfort. The fish were plentiful, and of excellent quality. The Floridans, who came to meet their visitors, received them with friendliness. The forests were full of game.

Here Ribaut resolved on leaving the nucleus of a settlement. He collected his men, and made them an oration, which has been preserved by Laudonnière, his first lieutenant. The gallant sailor's harangue reads as if it had been dressed up for him either before or after delivery; most likely his historian improved it for him when he came to write the story. Anyhow, his men appreciated it, and with general enthusiasm welcomed the proposal. A selection of twenty-eight was made, and a small fort of earthwork was erected for their defence on Isle Charlesfort. Everything being completed, Albert de la Pierria was chosen captain of the new settlement, and Ribaut set sail, leaving the adventurous band behind him. He continued his course northwards, for some time exploring the coast, but attempting no new settlements. Then, his provisions beginning to fail, he was constrained to steer homewards, and arrived at Dieppe exactly five months after his departure.

He found France in full civil war. It was no time to collect recruits and money for the new settlement. Besides, he wanted to take his share of the fighting, with the Admiral. After the conclusion of peace, he crossed over to England, where he collected his recollec-

tions of travel, and published them in a single volume, which was speedily translated, and had a great success.

Meantime, the little French colony, left entirely to themselves, enjoyed, at the beginning, a pleasant time. It was an agreeable change from the salt pork of the "roberge" to the game and fruits which the Floridans heaped upon their new friends. It was pleasant to be fêted and caressed by the friendly natives—to take part in their rejoicings—to be invited to their ceremonies. Unluckily, they thought that the abundance of summer would last through the winter. The Floridans willingly brought them food so long as they had food to bring, and could gather it, so to speak, from the soil. When the rains of winter began to fall, they retired to their own villages, and began contentedly to live on their own accumulated stores, which consisted of a little grain, chiefly millet, smoked fish and venison, with dried slices of cayman. Such as it was, this food too was to a certain extent shared by the generous natives with the French; but presently their resources began to fail. Then the starving colonists had to gather acorns, berries, and roots in the forest; to depend on casual supplies of fish and venison, the latter growing daily more scarce. The Captain entered into relations with tribes at a greater distance, and for a while staved off starvation by their help. Just as in the Brazilian colony, it never occurred to anyone that the tillage of a few fields would be

better than dependence on the charity of the natives. Presently internal troubles attacked the unfortunate colony. Their settlement on Charlesfort was destroyed by fire, and they had to rebuild their wooden houses. The men became mutinous and insubordinate. Their Captain, instead of calming the angry mood of his little band, attempted severity; sentenced one of them to death, and, when no one else would become his executioner, hanged the man with his own hands. Another, for an alleged breach of discipline, he banished to a little island three leagues from Charlesfort, where he proposed to let him die of hunger. Finally, the little troop mutinied, murdered Albert de la Pierria, and considered what to do next. The second winter of their settlement was approaching. They dreaded a repetition of the first year's starvation; they looked in vain for help from France. Day after day, month after month, they gazed across the wide and sailless ocean. Had Ribaut, then, forgotten them? Had he himself been wrecked, so that they were left there, forgotten by the world, to starve?

They resolved on building a vessel for themselves, and on endeavouring to get across the ocean back to France. It was a desperate undertaking. They had no tar, no nails, no bolts, no cordage, no tow. The Floridans came to their aid. They cut trees for them; they gave them gum for tar, and ropes manufactured out of long shoots of creepers; for sails, they

used their sheets and their linen. They were so eager to get away, that they calculated on the wind being favourable, and actually did not load their craft with more provisions than would suffice for the quickest passage possible.

Half-way across the Atlantic, they encountered a calm, during which, in three weeks, they made no more than five-and-twenty leagues. They devoured their last morsel of grain, and when, at length, a breeze sprung up, there was neither food nor water left. They did what sailors always do under such circumstances—they cast lots. The lot fell on one Lachère. He was the poor wretch whom Captain Albert had exiled to the islet, and had stayed there alone and half-starved till his companions relieved him. Fortune rescued him from starvation, in order that he might die a more dreadful death, and make a hideous meal for his companions.

This one victim sufficed. At last land appeared : it was the coast of England. A ship picked them up, treated them humanely, and brought them all to London. It happened to be at the moment when Ribaut had just published his account of Florida, when everybody was talking about this land of flowers. These half-starved refugees appeared in time to satisfy the popular curiosity, and to fan the awakening spirit of enterprise. France sowed that England might reap.

It will be remarked that the first attempt at

colonising Florida failed through the improvidence and incapacity of the colonists. Had they tilled the ground, they might have lived comfortably and at their ease until Ribaut, or some one else, could bring them reinforcements.

In 1564, the Admiral found himself once more free to renew his favourite project. This time he prepared a more important expedition. Three ships, the largest of which, however, was of only 120 tons, were loaded with gentlemen, soldiers, young volunteers, and workmen. They were under the command of the same Laudonnière who had previously formed part of Ribaut's first expedition. The sailors were selected with care. Everything was provided for, including an artist to sketch the country and its people. Fortunately, some of these sketches have been preserved, and are now in Paris.

They sailed in May, 1564. In June, they arrived off the coast of Florida. They found the Rivière de May, with the stone set up by Ribaut, on which were the Royal arms of France. The natives had begun to worship this monument, setting before it baskets of honey, and kissing it with great reverence.

After sailing along the shore for a few days, Laudonnière held a council, and resolved that it would be best to return to the first spot, the Rivière de May, and there constitute their settlement. The natives were friendly; the climate was good; the

place fertile ; it was far from any Spanish settlement. In this beautiful river, this Rivière de May, there was a small triangular island, which, he thought, would furnish an excellent spot for a fortress. He proceeded at once with his construction, and called it Fort Caroline.

The history of the colony began with a series of alternate friendships and enmities with the neighbouring confederations, which were at war with each other. The French, unwilling to attach themselves to the weaker side, hesitated between one and the other. The contest really was between the Cacique Satouriona and the Cacique Outina. It seems to us that it would have been far better in the long run had Laudonnière loyally supported the former, his first friend, and made him the stronger by the addition of his troops, armed with the terrible musket. The natural result of this wavering policy was distrust and suspicion on the part of both these savage monarchs. At the beginning, protestations of affection, offers of service, presents on both sides ; speedily, coldness, followed by hostility. It is the history of the French in America, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific. No country, however, can afford to throw stones in the matter of the treatment of natives.

We have seen in Brazil and at Charlesfort that a want of discipline was one of the chief difficulties. The same defect soon became the chief danger in the settlement of Caroline. The heads of the gentlemen

who had joined the expedition were full of the great exploits of Pizarro and of Cortes. They looked for another Mexico in Florida. They expected to find another Palace of the Incas in those tangled woods and pathless swamps. Instead, they found themselves on a barren rock, compelled to bear a hand in the fortifications of the island. Laudonnière, for his part, lacked the power of conciliation; he lived too much with his own favourites. The Protestants, for their part, complained of the religious indifference of their Captain, and lamented that they had no minister. There is no space here to narrate the little intrigues, the plots, and the jealousies which began to trouble the colony. There was a conspiracy, in which more than half of the colonists engaged. It succeeded in seizing the Governor and his lieutenants. The mutineers offered them no violence; but, after wasting and consuming the provisions of the colony, they equipped the two ships which lay in the stream, and loaded them with all the provisions which remained. Then they too went a-pirating. They had at first a considerable share of success. Trouble fell upon them ere long. They were surrounded by a fleet of Spanish ships, and all, save twenty-six, were killed. These managed to board a small vessel, cut the anchor, and to escape. In their want and misery, there was nothing possible but to get back to Fort Caroline, whither they repaired, and implored for

mercy. Four were executed; the rest fell back to their old work.

Meantime, Laudonnière had not neglected the Admiral's principal injunction—to make himself acquainted with the coast and the island. Nothing is more curious than the account of the colonists' journeys, and their visits to the Caciques.

Then the same accident befell them as happened to the previous settlement under the unfortunate Albert de la Pierria: they forgot to sow any seed, and, consequently, reaped no harvest. The truth is, that they were all too proud to cultivate the soil. "The French," says a contemporary writer, "and nearly all modern nations, have this bad quality, that they esteem it derogatory to their quality to address themselves to the cultivation of the earth, which is, nevertheless, nearly the only occupation in which innocence still resides. Hence it comes that every one avoiding this noble kind of labour seeks to make himself a gentleman at the expense of others; they will either learn the art of deceiving other people, or they will sit scratching their heads in the sun." The story of Charlesfort was repeated. The famine became so great that they had to pound boiled roots in a mortar to make bread. Yet the river was full of fish. And it is incredible to relate that they did not even condescend in this their extremity to catch the fish for themselves, but bought them of the natives.

A Cacique sent them a few bags of acorns and some fruit. When they found a small bag of wheat, instead of sowing it for the next year, they devoured it. Then they procured some grain in a village, but, in bringing it back, they were attacked by the natives, who killed two and wounded twenty-two, so that they only succeeded in bringing home a couple of sacks.

Starved into submission, Laudonnière began to think about retreating from so hostile a country. He set to work repairing the one small ship left; cast about in every direction for provisions, at last succeeding in laying his hands on enough, at least, to last them, if the wind were only favourable; and was on the point of embarking, when sails appeared in the port. They were the ships of John Hawkins, the English explorer. Hawkins, commiserating their distress, offered them such help as was in his power. The greatest help, the Frenchmen declared, that he could render them, was to get them out of the country. Hawkins undertook either to give them one of his ships, or to take them on board his own ship. Perhaps he was not sorry to facilitate the return of the distressed colonists, knowing well that the story they would spread of their own sufferings would grow in the telling, until Florida should appear, in the eyes of all France, the most savage and inhospitable of countries.

Hawkins stayed with the French for four days. On his departure, the colonists began with furious activity

to convert the flour which they had received of him into biscuits; got ready their casks for water, and began to stow all away. Everything was at length ready for departure, when more sails were signalled, and a French fleet appeared in the river.

It was no other than Ribaut himself.

Coligny had not forgotten his colony. This time he sent out seven vessels, with something like 600 soldiers. There was no longer any question of flight. The fleet contained provisions, powder, and arms, besides the reinforcements of numbers.

Meantime, the suspicions of Philip were fairly awakened. It would seem as if he had only to make the retention of the Huguenot colony in Florida a *casus belli* with France; but that was not in accordance with his devious policy. He declined to recognise the existence of the colony as an act of the French Government at all: it should be considered as an independent nest of heretical pirates. He would give one of his own subjects the command of a fleet, with authority to suppress and exterminate this and every other nest of heresy in America. But he would not fight the colonists as Frenchmen.

The King selected one Menendez, a man who had seen a considerable amount of military service, and had fallen into temporary disgrace, probably on account of his brutalities in America.

The great preparations which followed could not

be made without giving the alarm in France. A long diplomatic correspondence followed. Nothing need be said about it, except that Philip was the stronger, and that Catherine, as usual, feared to take a decided line. It was understood that an attempt would be made to destroy the French colony. What one cannot readily comprehend is that, considering the advantage already acquired by the French in a strong fortified place and a large garrison, reinforcements were not sent out to them.

The expedition under Menendez consisted of an army of 2600 soldiers and officers.

He sailed straight for Florida, intending to attack Fort Caroline with no delay. In fact, he sighted the mouth of the port two months after starting; but, considering the position occupied by the French ships, he judged it prudent to defer the attack, and make it, if possible, from the land.

A council of war was held in Fort Caroline, presided over by Ribaut. Laudonnière proposed that, while Ribaut held the fort with the ships, he, with his old soldiers, who knew the country well, aided by the Floridans as auxiliaries, should engage the Spaniards in the woods, and harass them by perpetual combats in labyrinths to which they were wholly unaccustomed. The advice was good, but it was not followed. Ribaut proposed to follow the Spanish fleet with his own—lighter and more easily handled—fall on the enemy

when the soldiers were all disembarked, and, after taking and burning the ships, to attack the army.

In the face of remonstrances from all the officers, he persisted in this project. Disaster followed the attempt. A violent gale arose. The French ships were wrecked upon the Floridan coast; the men lost their arms, their powder, and their clothes; they escaped with their bare lives. There was no longer the question of conquering the Spaniards, but of saving themselves. The garrison of Caroline consisted of 150 soldiers, of whom forty were sick. The rest of the colony was composed of sick and wounded Protestant ministers, workmen, "royal commissioners," and so forth. Laudonnière was in command. They awaited the attack for several days, yet the Spaniards came not. They were wading miserably through the marshes in the forests, under tropical rains, discouraged, and out of heart. Had Laudonnière's project been carried out, not one single Spaniard would have returned to the fleet to tell the tale. Day after day the soldiers toiled, sometimes breast-high, through these endless marshes, under the rain which never ceased. The provisions were exhausted. Many of the soldiers remained behind or returned to Saint Augustine, pretending to have lost their way. The officers asked each other loudly whether they were all to be killed in a bog through the ignorance of an Asturian, who knew no more

about war than a horse. Menendez pretended not to hear, and they plodded on, mutinous and discontented, till their leader suddenly pointed out, through the branches of the trees, the earthworks and cannon of Fort Caroline. He invited his officers to make up their minds to an immediate attack or a retreat. Seven of them proposed a retreat; they would live on palmistes and roots on the way. But the majority declared for advance, and the attack was resolved upon.

For some reason unexplained, the French sentinels chose this fatal moment to leave their posts. There was actually no watch on the ramparts. Three companies of Spaniards simultaneously rushed from the forest, and attacked the fortress on the south, the west, and the south-west. There was but little resistance from the surprised garrison. There was hardly time to grasp a sword. About twenty escaped by flight, including the Captain, Laudonnière; the rest were every one massacred. None were spared except women and children under fifteen; and, in the first rage of the onslaught, even these were murdered with the rest.

There still lay in the port three ships, commanded by Jacques Ribaut, brother of the unfortunate Governor. One of these was quickly sent to the bottom by the cannon of the fort; the other two cut their cables, and slipped out of reach into the roadstead, where they lay, waiting for a favourable wind,

for three days. They picked up the fugitives who had been wandering half-starved in the woods, and then set sail from this unlucky land. One of the refugees, Le Challeux by name, and a carpenter by trade, wrote an account of the voyage. "Let him go to Florida who will," he wrote. "Never will I confess that it is the duty of a *père de famille* to leave his calling, and go off to strange countries in search of adventures.

Qui veut aller à la Floride,
Qu'il aille, j'y ai esté;
Et revenu sec et aride
Et abbatu de poureté."

Landonnière himself wrote a history of the voyage to Florida, which has been translated and published in Hakluyt's Voyages.

There remained, however, the little army, under Ribaut, which had lost most of its arms in the wreck, and was now wandering along the Floridan shore. They were fifty miles from Fort Caroline. Ribaut cheered up his men, made them a speech, and exhorted to patience: fifty miles would soon be got through. But they were fifty miles of marsh, under an immense forest of cypress trees.

When arrived within five miles of Caroline, Ribaut sent on in advance one of his officers, Valnot, with five or six men, in an Indian pirogue. Valnot came back with tears in his eyes. The Spanish flag was

flying over the fort, and Spanish sentinels were keeping guard on the ramparts. There was nothing for it but to retreat again. The unfortunate Frenchmen began miserably to retrace their steps through the wet and gloomy forest, eating leaves, herbs, and roots. Their last misfortune was that they knew nothing of the new Spanish settlement, and so directed their course as exactly to arrive at it.

Menendez saw from a distance the arrival of the first band of 200. They were like a crowd of shipwrecked sailors, destitute of the power of resistance, feeble from long fasting, fatigued with their long march. He had with him a troop of forty men. A river ran between the French and the Spaniards. A Basque swam across the stream, and asked for a safe-conduct for Ribaut, who had not yet arrived, and four gentlemen. Menendez would accord, he said, an audience to an officer. One Vasseur, accompanied by two or three soldiers, crossed over the river, and was brought to the Spanish commander. Menendez began by apprising him of the capture of Caroline, and the massacre of the garrison. He confirmed the truth of his story by causing two prisoners, spared as Catholics, to relate it themselves. He coldly told Vasseur that all those who were Protestants should suffer the same fate, or at least that he would not promise otherwise.

There was but one alternative. The French could

trust to the possible clemency of Menendez, or they could take to the woods. In the latter case they would certainly starve; in the former, they might escape with their lives. It seemed incredible that a man should, in cold blood, resolve to massacre 200 unarmed men. They laid down their arms. They were brought across the river in small companies, and their hands tied behind their backs.

On landing, they were asked if they were Catholics. Eight out of the 200 professed allegiance to that religion; the rest were all Protestants. Menendez traced out a line on the ground with his cane. The prisoners were marched up one by one to the line; on reaching it, they were stabbed.

Next day, Ribaut arrived with the rest of the army.

The same pourparlers began. But this time a blacker treachery was adopted. Menendez did not himself receive the officer sent to treat. He deputed a certain Vallemonde. This creature received the French deputy with unexpected civility. His captain, he said, was a man of extraordinary clemency. It was true that Caroline had fallen, but the garrison, women, and children, were all put on board ship, with provisions, and were now on their way to France. Finally, if the French laid down their arms, he, Vallemonde, would pledge his word of honour on the sacred cross, which he kissed devoutly, that all their lives should be spared.

It is not clear how many of the French accepted the conditions. A certain number refused them, and escaped into the woods. What is certain is, that Ribaut, with nearly all his men, were tied back to back, four together. Those who said they were Catholics, were set on one side; the rest were all massacred as they stood. A rage for slaughter—the blood-thirst—seized the Spanish soldiers. They fell upon their victims, and stabbed and hacked both the living and the dead. The air was horrible with their oaths and cries. The work of murder was soon over. In a very few moments, there was not a cry, nor a sound, nor a movement among the whole 400 prisoners now lying upon the ground, the maddened soldiers still stabbing their lifeless bodies. Outside the circle of the slaughtered and the slaughterers stood the priest, Mendoza, encouraging, approving, exhorting the butchers. With him, calm, serene, and joyful, with a prayer of thanksgiving on his lips, stood the murderer, Menendez.

The slaughter completed, they set up enormous piles of wood and burned the bodies on them. On the trees near the scene of the massacre, Menendez caused to be inscribed, "Slaughtered not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans." As for the corpse of Ribaut, he had it flayed, and sent the skin to Europe, with cuttings from the beard, as gifts to his friends.

Those of the French who had escaped into the

woods resolved to sell their lives dearly. They constructed a little fort on the shore, and then awaited the attack. Menendez led an overwhelming force against the place, but whether his men were sick of murder, or whether he had some private compunctions, he actually offered terms. They laid down their arms, and were all sent to the galleys, where they dragged out the rest of their miserable lives.

Let us pass over the reception of this intelligence in France and Spain, the indignation of the Protestants, the exultation of the Catholics, the compulsory remonstrances of the feeble woman who held the reins. The action of Menendez, one records with joy, became fruitful of disasters to the Spanish cause in America. Though Courts and diplomatists agreed to forget the massacre, the French sailors took revenge into their own hands. Speedily there issued from the port of Dieppe light, fast-sailing vessels, well armed, well found, well manned, which fell upon the rich Spanish galleons and inflicted enormous losses. The example of Dieppe was followed by Rochelle, Havre, and Bordeaux. No doubt, too, the example of the French encouraged the English buccaneers, so that from the blood of these murdered colonists sprang for Spain evils unnumbered. "Do we not know," writes a Spaniard, "how much mischief is done to us by these French corsairs, and how they brave us in our islands every day? After all our

labours, we have to render an account on the way home to these cursed robbers, who have done nothing but toss about at sea, waiting for us at their pleasure, and make it their business to discharge all our gold and silver into their own holds, having no more respect for our sovereign Prince, to whom we are taking it, than a wisp of straw." Here the story of Coligny's attempt properly ends. But one cannot forbear from relating the sequel—the special revenge taken by Dominique de Gourgues.

He was a man of noble birth, and a soldier by profession. He signalised himself in Italy by holding a fort with thirty men against a whole corps. The Spaniards showed their chivalrous appreciation of valour by putting the little garrison to death, and sending its captain to the galleys. Toiling on the bench half naked, beneath the lash of the keepers, this French gentleman naturally conceived a vehement and inextinguishable hatred for the Spaniards. His ship was taken by the Turks; but the only difference in his lot was that he had the consolation of seeing his former masters rowing beside him in chains. The vessel, however, was recaptured from the Turks by Mathurin de Lescont, the commander of a Maltese galley, and De Gourgues regained his liberty.

He spent some years in voyages to Brazil, to the coast of Africa, and to the West Indies. What he did in these voyages, how many Spanish vessels

he took, how many Spanish throats he cut, does not appear. But on learning the news of the Floridan massacres, he resolved, being but a single private gentleman, unable to command any Court support, on an expedition of revenge.

He was not rich. He sold all that he had, borrowed from his brother, the head of the family, what was necessary in addition, and equipped three small ships, the heaviest being of no more than 250 tons. Eighty sailors and 100 arquebusiers formed the equipage. No one except the captains of the ships knew the secret of the expedition. They were going to Benin in Africa, it was given out. With three small ships and less than 200 men, Gourgues was going to chastise the murdering Spaniards. No single feat of English heroism can compare with this audacious, this unrivalled exploit.

In order to allay suspicion, he sailed southwards, to the coast of Africa. Then, altering his course, he made straight for Spanish-American waters. A tempest off Porto Rico sprung a leak in his largest vessel, and spoiled his provisions. The Spaniards refused to sell him any more, and tried to prevent his taking in water. He landed an armed force, and helped himself. After another tempest, he sighted the coast of Florida, and then, calling his men together, he exhorted them to aid him in his enterprise, and to avenge their slaughtered countrymen.

On passing the now Spanish fort of Caroline, De

Gourgues ordered the soldiers below, so that none but a few sailors were visible. The Spaniards took him for a countryman, and fired a salute, which he returned, and continued his course. Fifteen leagues north of Caroline he resolved to disembark.

Crowds of the Indians, thinking they were Spanish, rushed to the shore, brandishing their arrows with threatening gestures. By great good luck, they had on board a man who had been trumpeter to Ribaut, and was well known to the tribe of the Cacique Satouriona. They put him on shore, and he was received with transports of joy, particularly when he told the Cacique that his friends were French, not Spaniards, and that they were come to avenge their wrongs.

The Spanish had succeeded already in awaking the bitterest hatred among the Floridans. As soon as the news spread that French soldiers had landed to fight their enemies, an immense army, from all quarters, gathered together round the French camp.

What difficulties they at first encountered, how they reconnoitred, how they marched, with thousands of the savages eager to witness, if not to share in, the fight, how they passed the last night up to their knees in water, in a deluge of rain, would take too long to tell.

The Spaniards were extending their fortifications outside Caroline itself. At one place the lines had only been drawn, and the works as yet were only just commenced. Here the attack was to take place.

The story reads almost exactly like that of the Spaniards when they took the fort by surprise. Entirely without suspicion, the garrison were taking their dinner. Suddenly, a musket shot, and the cry of "The French! the French!" There were sixty men in this, the outwork. They were all killed. But there remained the second fort. De Gourgues turned the cannon upon it, and a lively artillery fight began. The Floridans, at this moment, emerged from the woods. A detachment of French attacked the fort in the rear. The Spaniards, ignorant of the number of the enemy, lost their heads. The second fort was taken with a rush, and all the Spaniards killed except fifteen, whom De Gourgues ordered to be bound and kept in safety for the moment. There yet remained Fort Caroline itself. Here there were 300 combatant men. De Gourgues surrounded the fort with his Indians, and prevented any spy from coming out, so that the besieged had no notion of the numbers of their assailants. The Commandant, in surprise and indecision, allowed two days to pass before doing anything. Then he sent out a spy disguised as an Indian. He was caught, and, being brought before De Gourgues, he had the imprudence to confess that the garrison was horribly discouraged, believing the French to be 2000 strong. Thereupon De Gourgues resolved on an immediate attack.

The Spaniards thought that his little army, all of

which was now in sight, was only an advance-guard. The French, thinking the moment inopportune, retired into the wood again to watch. The Spaniards sent out a body of sixty, with the view of drawing them out into the open. De Gourgues detached twenty of his own men, to place themselves in ambush between the fort and the sortie, so as to cut off their retreat. Then, before the Spaniards had time to form themselves, he poured a murderous fire into their ranks, and rushed upon them, sword in hand. They turned to fly, and were met by the ambuscade. Not one returned to the fort. The rest of the French rushed tumultuously out of the wood, and all together, headed by De Gourgues, they crowded into the citadel.

A panic seized the Spaniards. They allowed themselves to be cut down almost without resistance. Out of the whole force of 300, De Gourgues only managed to save sixty.

He would have saved more, to make his revenge more complete. As it was, he wrote an inscription, which he placed so that all could see—"I do this not to Spaniards, but to traitors, thieves, and murderers."

Then he hanged them up, every one, the Floridans looking on aghast. This done, he destroyed the fort, and returned to France. He was received with enthusiasm at Rochelle, an entirely Protestant town.

Philip demanded that he should be arrested, and handed over to the mercies of the Spanish law. So

great was the Spanish influence, that De Gourgues was ordered not to present himself at Court, and the Spanish Ambassador was informed that he would be arrested. This would actually have been done, but for the remonstrance of the Admiral. The greater part of the Council, carried away by the advice of the Cardinal de Lorraine, who made out this exploit to be a declaration of war against Spain, would have voted for his extradition, "had it not been that M. de Chatillon, in his own manner, severe and full of gravity, pointed out that if De Gourgues had had so much courage as to undertake alone what all France should have done, he deserved great recompense instead of punishment; and that those who condemned him for an act so generous, seemed to wish us already shamefully subject to our chief enemy. . . . And you would hardly believe how much the resolution which followed brought honour and glory to the Admiral, as was manifest by the declaration of the foreign ambassadors who were at Court."

After the deaths of Coligny (in 1572) and of Montluc (in 1577), this poor patriot had no more protectors. He retreated to England, where Elizabeth gave him a refuge and, when opportunity came, employment. And he died in 1583, while, characteristically, organising a new expedition against Florida.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST CIVIL WAR.

WE have arrived at the last and the most unhappy period of Coligny's career—the twelve years of civil war. It was the most unhappy, because to one trained as he had been in the unflinching loyalty which has always been a characteristic of great houses, rebellion against the King's authority could only be justified by the gravest reason; and because, in these tumults which rent the kingdom asunder, destroyed the fairest provinces, and covered the soil of France with the blood of her own children, he saw the enemies of his country taking advantage of her weakness, and working their will, unchecked and undisturbed. And then there seemed no end to the struggle. A victory here, a defeat there, was nothing. They could arrive at no decisive conclusion: no treaty, truce, or peace was observed. Even the simple claim for toleration which the Admiral put forward at every pause in the war, though admitted by the terms of the treaty, was broken the very next day. Nor was it a small thing

for him, the man of culture and artistic tastes—the simple, home-loving man, who desired nothing more than to enjoy in peace the companionship of wife and children—that he should see, as he lived to see, his castle sacked of all his treasures. And his heart would be crushed by seeing his wife sink sadly into a premature grave with two of her children, one brother poisoned, and the other killed by hard work and fatigue.

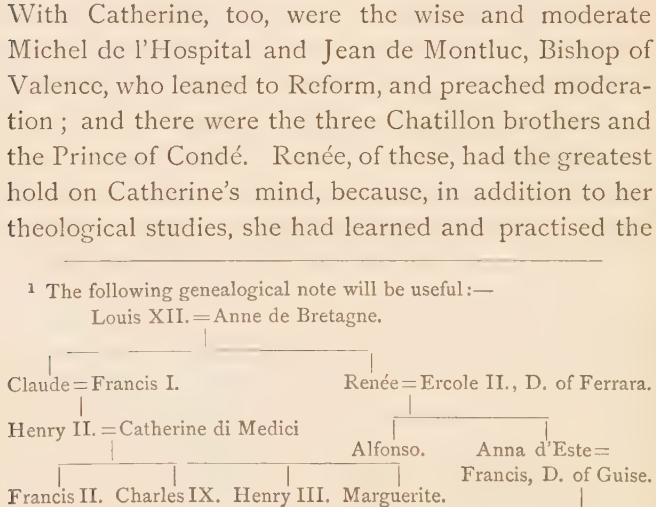
We have seen the Admiral slowly arriving at the conviction that it was his duty to take openly the side on which his faith lay; we have seen him, at Vendome and La Ferté, counsel patience; we have seen him again, at the Assembly of Fontainebleau, present a petition in the name of the Protestants, asking for a redress of grievances: we have, in this chapter, to see him at the head of an armed host, resolved to seize liberty of conscience at the sword's point.

Let us remember that the history of France might have been that of England. We can picture to ourselves a king less strong-willed than Henry, oscillating between fear of Rome and desire of independence. We may think what might have happened if the learned doctors of England—Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Cheke, Tyndal, and the rest—had either held aloof, like Budé, Rabelais, Dolet, and Desperiers, or had flung themselves fanatically into the opposite side.

We may suppose a reign of reaction, like that of Queen Mary, succeeded by the reign of a vacillating woman like Catherine, *always afraid*, always uncertain which party was the stronger, always ready to receive advice, help, or influence from some foreign power. What would have been the result in English history?

With the death of Francis, the prospects of the Huguenots brightened. The Guises lost their power, and the voice of the Chatillons was once more heard at Court. Catherine surrounded herself with ladies who were devoted to the new religion. Among these were Madeleine de Mailly, Coligny's half-sister, and Renée, Duchess of Ferrara,[1] both staunch Protestants. With Catherine, too, were the wise and moderate Michel de l'Hospital and Jean de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, who leaned to Reform, and preached moderation; and there were the three Chatillon brothers and the Prince of Condé. Renée, of these, had the greatest hold on Catherine's mind, because, in addition to her theological studies, she had learned and practised the

[1] The following genealogical note will be useful:—



art of astrology. Now Catherine, as was said, "had no faith in God, but trusted implicitly in the stars."

Under their influences, all persons imprisoned for religious opinions were ordered to be released. The Admiral rejoiced the hearts of the Huguenots by publicly christening his new-born son after the Genevan rite; and the Cardinal, his brother, partook of the communion in the same rite, and laid down his ecclesiastical dignities. The reputation of the Admiral at this time is shown by the fact that the Provincial States, assembled at Paris in March, 1561, asked that governors and tutors might be appointed for the young King—"such as, from the integrity and the sincerity of their lives, he and his brothers might receive good and religious instruction." And they especially named the Admiral.

He made use of his influence to lead Catherine further along the path of conciliation. He endeavoured to strengthen her power; he pressed on the illusory colloquy of Poissy, in the hope of showing how reason and logic were on the side of Geneva. The colloquy failed, of course; such discussions always break down. How can argument be carried on with men who begin with the fatal falsehood of authority? The colloquy doubly failed: it was a political as well as a theological failure. Instead of showing Catherine how strong was the simple Protestant creed, it showed her how numerous were its assailants. And then occurred the

powerful coalition of Guise, Montmorency, and St. André, behind whom stood arrayed two-thirds of France and the whole of Spain. Catherine was dismayed. What force could the Admiral bring to meet these hosts? He showed her, first, that one-third of the country was Huguenot—that behind the Protestants stood England and Germany.

The Queen-mother compromised. She convoked, at the commencement of the year 1562, an assemblage of deputies from the eight Parliaments of France. The result was the "Edict of January," which gave permission to Protestants to hold meetings for public worship outside the towns, and placed their meetings under the protection of the law.

This is not the place to write afresh the history of the religious wars in France; but we may be allowed to show exactly how they began, if only to justify Coligny, and lay the blame on those who were the originators of them.

The Edict promised the protection of the law. But who would ensure the execution of the law?

The Parliament of Paris refused to register the Edict until after repeated orders from the Queen-mother. The Parliament of Dijon refused to register it. The Province of Burgundy was under the governorship of the Duke d'Aumale, brother of Guise. The Parliament of Aix refused. Next, Antoine de Navarre, bribed by a promise of the restoration of the

Spanish part of his little kingdom, announced that the colloquy of Poissy had converted him, dismissed Beza and the reformed preachers, sent Jeanne back to Béarn, demanded the dismissal of the Chatillons from the Court, and invited the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, who were at their chateau of Joinville, to return to Paris.

Then occurred—it was only six weeks after the Edict of January—the massacre of Vassy.

Nine hundred out of 3000, the population of that little town, were Protestants. Rejoicing in the permission granted them by the new law, they were assembled on the Sunday morning, in a barn outside the town, for the purpose of public service. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal, with their armed escort of gentlemen and soldiers, riding on their way to Paris, heard the bells which summoned the people, and asked what they meant. Being told that it was a Huguenot "prêche," the Duke swore that he would Huguenot them to some purpose. He rode straight to the barn and entered the place, threatening to murder them all. The people, relying on the law, barred the doors. Then the massacre began. The soldiers burst open the feeble barrier, and began to fire among the perfectly unarmed and inoffensive people. Sixty-four were killed—men, women, and children ; 200 were wounded.

This was the signal for war.

Condé, on the intelligence, immediately retired from the Court to Meaux, whence he issued a proclamation, calling on all the Protestants of the country to take up arms. Coligny was at Chatillon, whither Catherine addressed him letter after letter, urging upon him, in ambiguous terms, the defence of the King. It seems, though this is obscure, that at one time Condé might have seized the royal family and held them. But if he had the opportunity, he neglected it, and the chance never came again. Henceforward, however, we hear no more talk about Catherine becoming a Protestant. That pretence will serve her no more.

Before the clash of arms, there was silence for a space. Men waited till the last man in France, who had not yet spoken, should declare himself. The Huguenots looked to the Admiral, and not to Condé. It was on him that the real responsibility lay of declaring civil war. It was a responsibility from which the strongest man might shrink. Murder, treachery, and persecution, on the one hand; on the other, for himself the sin of rebellion, if that were sin to fight and die in defence of the helpless, and for his people devastated homes, ruined provinces, all the horrors of religious war. In the night, as he lay awake and sadly pondered these things, he heard his wife sobbing by his side, and knew the cause.

"Sound your conscience," he said. "Are you prepared to face general disorders, to bear the reproaches

of your own partisans as well as your enemies, to hear of treasons of your friends, to bear exile into foreign lands, shame, nakedness, hunger, not for yourself only, but, which is worse, for your children, to expect your death at the hands of an executioner after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to consider."

"They are gone already," she replied. "Do not bring upon your head the deaths of those three weeks, or I will myself bear witness against you before the judgment-seat of God."

There were, indeed, already deaths enough. The massacre of Vassy did not stand alone. As if by consent, the Catholics rose at Cahors, Pons, Amiens, Noyes, Abbeville, Chalons, Tours, Marseilles, and Auxerre, killing and destroying.

The woman's instinct was right: there was no remedy but in war. But her husband knew better than she what was meant by war. She saw only the righteous cause; he foresaw the ruined homesteads, the murders and robberies of an unrestrained soldiery. Perhaps he knew already, by the prescience of a general, the hopelessness of the struggle. You cannot conquer and convert a country by the minority of its people. Such a conquest could only be effected by means of foreigners. English and Germans might help French Protestants against French Catholics and Spain, the battle-field being France. And what a conquest would that be!

Let it be remembered that the Admiral had tried every means to protect those of the Religion; that he succeeded at length, when all else failed, in obtaining liberty of worship; that this concession was wrested from his party, not by the Queen-mother, who would have been glad enough, could that have insured peace, to let the Huguenots pray after their own fashion, but by the lawlessness of his enemies. It was Guise, not Coligny, who began the civil war in which they were both destined to meet their death.

The Admiral, having once made up his mind, hesitated no longer, and, with a heavy heart, set off the next day to join Condé. He wrote to Catherine that he took up arms, not against the King, but against those who held him captive. He wrote also to his old uncle, the Constable.

"I would rather do wrong to myself than enter into any opposition with you. . . . But I entreat you to consider into whose hands you have placed yourself—are they not those who have sworn your own ruin and that of all your House? I beg you to think that the greatest regret of my brothers and myself is to see you of that party."

The Constable replied. There was no bitterness between uncle and nephew. The former was fighting to prevent the "universal ruin" of his country, and for his *petits maitres*, the boys, the sons of his old friend, Henry the Second. Montmorency joined the Guises in perfect loyalty, and with the firm conviction

that it was the right thing for him to do. The Chatillons fought in the name of law and justice, and to prevent the universal massacre of his people.

Of course the Admiral began at once with the discipline of the camp. The old rules were revived, and vigorously enforced. Each regiment had its minister; and night and morning there were public prayers, the soldiers praying first for the King, and secondly for themselves, that God would keep them "in all sobriety and modesty, without disturbance, mutiny, blasphemy, or lewdness." Blasphemy was severely punished. The violation of the rules about plunder was punished by hanging the thieves in the camp, and with them the things they had stolen—women's dresses, linen, hams, and poultry. There were no dice or cards in the camp at all; no private foraging was allowed; no women were permitted in the camp. "Many," says La Noue, "were astonished to see such fair behaviour, and on one occasion my brother Teligny and myself, discoursing with the Admiral, fell to praising it highly, on which he said, 'Truly, it is a fine thing while it lasts; but I fear that these gentry here will throw all their goodness to the wind, and that in two months' time we shall find nothing but wickedness. I have commanded infantry a long time, and I know the service. It generally fulfils the proverb which says, *de jeune hermite vieux diable.*'" And so the event proved. Most of the cruelties and murders were certainly

committed by the Catholics, because they were the stronger party, and also because their leaders gave the rein to their ferocity; but not all. Wherever the Huguenots were strong enough, they showed that the *rôle* of martyrs was no more to their taste than to that of their enemies, and retaliated in the manner common to civil wars, by destroying churches, killing priests, shattering shrines and relics, and turning the costly vessels of the Church to their own use. Brantôme enters upon a defence of the civil war, which is most quaint and remarkable. The first good effect, he says, was the conversion into coin of the gold ornaments in the churches. One seigneur coined the silver vessels and ornaments presented by Louis XI. to St. Martin de Tours into a great caskful of *testons*. Another was the enrichment of the gentlemen who, in a foreign war, would have impoverished themselves by borrowing money.

"The merchants, usurers, bankers, and other *racquedeniers*, down to the very priests, who keep their crowns hidden away in their coffers, would have lent nothing without great interest and excessive usury, either by purchase or mortgages of land, goods, and houses at low price; but this *bonne guerre civile* repaired all their fortunes, so that I have seen a gentleman, who before it rode through the country with one pair of horses and a single lackey, ride with six or seven good horses; and this with both parties, so much did they augment their fortunes, especially by the ransoms of the fat usurers when once they caught them, making their lovely crowns drop out of their

purses whether they liked it or not, even if they were hidden in the bones of their legs."

The King himself, who was deeply in debt, cleared his liabilities by the confiscation of Church monuments, the Pope giving special permission; and even the priests enriched themselves by selling their treasures secretly, and then pretending that the Huguenots had pillaged them. All this led to the multiplication of coin, and therefore, Brantôme thinks, of wealth. "So that we now see in France more doubloons than fifty years ago there were little pistolets." As to the cities which were pillaged, they recovered their misfortunes, and five years later were richer than those which escaped—a very remarkable statement. Brantôme points to Havre, which, sixteen months after it was sacked, was found to show no trace of the misfortune; while Angoulême, which was sacked twice, remained the richest city in Guienne next to La Rochelle.

"We can say of France as that great captain, Prosper Colonna, said of the Duchy of Milan—that it resembled a fat goose—the more you pluck it, the faster its feathers grow. The cause, then, is due to that excellent civil war, so well invented and introduced by the great Admiral."

The events of the civil war belong to the history of France. Let us review them with reference mainly to the Admiral's share in them.

Coligny held in his possession—Tavannes says he

himself saw them—lists and rolls of all the men on whom he could count—their property, their influence, with the signals which were to be used in case of a rising. They belonged, as we have said before, in a very large proportion to the *noblesse*—that is, to the country gentry. It is one of the most strongly marked points of difference between the French and the English Protestants, that the latter were strongest in the great towns, and especially in London; while in Paris, Bordeaux, and most of the important places in France, the Protestants formed a small minority. The fact helps, too, to explain the unwillingness to rise. The gentlemen of the party hesitated to rebel against the King, and were only encouraged at last by the presence among them of a prince of the royal blood, and by the example of the Admiral, "on account of his good and great qualities, and especially because he kept his religion more narrowly than any other, and held in check and moderation the young seigneurs and Protestant gentlemen by a certain severity of manner which was natural to him and became him well."

Then the first civil war began with a gallant exploit, the taking of Orleans. Condé rode into it at the head of 2000 cavalry, all shouting like schoolboys, and racing for six miles who should get into the city first. They pillaged the churches, and turned out the Catholics. "Those who were that day turned outside the city wept catholicly that they were dis-

possessed of the magazines of the finest wines in France." Truly a dire misfortune, for the Catholics, to lose all the best claret districts.

Orleans taken, the Huguenots proceeded to issue protestations and manifestoes, in all of which the hand of the Admiral is visible. They are not fighting against the King, who is a prisoner: the war was begun by the Guises. What right has a Guisard to lord it in the realm of France? Nor are they the first to contract foreign alliances—witness the Swiss infantry engaged by Guise. They might have added, truly enough, that Condé and the Admiral held in their hands letters from Catherine, urging them to carry on the contest for the sake of the young King. The fall of Orleans was quickly followed by that of Rouen, Tours, Blois, Bourges, Vienne, Valence, Montauban. The civil war was fairly begun.

The party was now well organised. Condé was commander-in-chief by right of his birth; Coligny was real leader by right of his reputation and wisdom. It was by him that a Solemn League and Covenant was drawn up, to be signed by every one of the Calvinist chiefs. These were, besides Condé and the Chatillons, Larochefoucauld, who had married the second daughter of Madeleine de Mailly, and was therefore Coligny's nephew and Condé's brother-in-law—he was the greatest seigneur in Poitou; Rohan, from Dauphiny, who was Condé's cousin; the Prince of

Porcian, who was the husband of Condé's niece. Each of these lords came with a following worthy of his name. Montgomery, who had slain Henry the Second, brought his Normans; Genlis, the Picards—we have seen that it was in Picardy that the Reformation first began; with Andelot came a troop of Bretons; with the Count de Grammont came 6000 Gascons. Good news poured in every day. Not only Rouen, but Havre, Caen, and Dieppe submitted in the north. Angers and Nantes followed. The road was open in the end for bringing troops from Germany. The country in the south-west was altogether in their hands.

Meantime, the enemy were not idle. They began with massacres. In Paris, they murdered 800 Huguenots in that first summer of the war. From every side fugitives poured into Orleans, which became the city of refuge. There were massacres at Amiens, Senlis, Cahors, Toulouse, Angoulême, everywhere. Coligny advised a march upon Paris, where, he urged, the Guises had but a rabble at their command. His counsels, when war was once commenced, were always for vigorous measures. Condé preferred to wait. Andelot was sent to Germany, where he raised 3000 horse. Calvin despatched letters in every direction, urging on the Churches and the Protestant princes to send help to France. Many of Coligny's old soldiers of St. Quentin came to fight under his banner. Eliza-

beth of England offered to send an army if Calais were restored; when she saw that no Frenchman would give up that place again, she still sent men and money, though with grudging spirit.

At length both armies took the field. The Duke of Guise had under him 8000 men; Condé 7000. They advanced, and met at the little town of Vassodun, where a conference was held between the Queen-mother and Navarre on the one hand, and Condé and Coligny on the other. Catherine proposed that all the chiefs of both sides—Guise, the Cardinal de Lorraine, St. André, Montmorency, Navarre, Condé, and the Chatillon brothers—should all alike go into voluntary exile. Condé was nearly persuaded to accept this absurd proposal. Another conference was held at Talcy.

These conferences were only delays. An attempt was made by Catherine to entrap Condé, which was defeated by the Admiral's prompt rescue. The Parliament of Paris issued a decree commanding all Romanists in every parish to rise in arms at the sound of the bell, and to slay every Huguenot. It was said that 50,000 were thus murdered. No doubt the numbers were grossly exaggerated, but we may observe that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was no new thing suddenly devised by Catherine, but an old device, long meditated, frequently set in practice.

These cruelties naturally provoked retaliation. The

lesson of ferocity is one easily learned. Des Adrets, the Protestant, rivalled Montluc in cruelty. It was he who invented the punishment of "walking the plank," which in this case was run out from the battlements, the wretched victims being made to walk upon it and off it. As for what the Protestant soldiers did in destruction of churches, images, and ecclesiastical art, that may be easily guessed. Cromwell's soldiers were not more destructive. "There was quickly born," says La Noue, "Madame Pillage, who has since risen to such dignity. She is now madame, and, if things continue, she will soon become a princess."

An English army occupied Havre. English troops set out for Rouen. Some few managed to get within the walls. The town was taken by the Catholics, and, for eight days, plundered. Needless to say that Guise hanged every Huguenot he could find. Here the King of Navarre was killed.

The loss of Rouen, coupled with other disasters, greatly discouraged the Huguenots. Their spirits rose, however, when news came that Andelot, with 4000 reiters, was on his way to join them. He brought them in safety across France, being himself carried in a litter, sick with ague and fever. The Huguenots advanced upon Paris, but did not attack the city. At Dreux, they met the army of Guise.

Protestant historians endeavour to show that the battle was drawn. In fact, both sides sustained

immense losses. St. André was killed, Montmorency and Condé were taken prisoners. Yet Coligny had to retire from the field—his rival had out-generalled him.

It was characteristic of Coligny that he never lost heart. A battle lost was not the loss of a cause. He at once endeavoured to restore the spirit of his followers. Andelot should fall back upon Orleans, and hold the place against Guise, while he went north and formed a coalition with the English.

With his German cavalry, a handful of his own infantry, and a small troop of English soldiers, Coligny swept over nearly the whole of Normandy. It is true that Guise was not there to oppose him. Everything looked well. He was arranging for a "splendid alliance" with England, when news came which stayed his hand.

Guise marched southwards to Orleans, swearing that he would take the burrow where the foxes had retreated, and chase the vermin over all France. As for resistance, "since the sun found entrance into Orleans, he could." It was a braggart speech, but he nearly did get in, and most certainly would have got in—Andelot being ill with his ague—but for another of those surprises which for a time altered the course of events.

There was in Orleans a young Huguenot soldier named Jean Poltrot de Méré. He was a fanatic. He talked wildly about murder and assassination ; but he

was a good spy. He could play the part of a Catholic, and was so employed by the Admiral, who gave him money to buy a horse. This man conceived the idea which in times of trouble, distress, or confusion always occurs to some poor half-witted wretch: he would kill the man who was the cause of all the suffering. He waited for an opportunity, worked himself into the good graces of the Duke, and then shot him, with three balls, in the shoulder. Guise died three days later, denying that he had premeditated the massacre of Vassy. It is good to learn that this man of blood and violence could feel remorse.

Consider what an event this death was. There was no man in France like Guise. He was a better general than Coligny; he was on the stronger side; he was utterly without restraint of law, religion, or morality; he was personally idolised by his followers; he was the one man who seemed to stand between the Huguenots and the peace which they desired. Guise out of the way, there was no single man whom the Catholics could put forward with any chance of his taking the place of that great soldier.

Poltrot was treated much as Damiens a hundred and fifty years later was treated: he was pinched with red-hot pincers, and racked and tortured in every way to make him confess who were his accomplices. In the agony of his torture he stated that the Admiral, Beza, La Rochefoucauld, Soubise, and others were

the accomplices and advisers of the act. But he never for a moment abandoned the pretence that he acted under Divine inspiration. At the last, when the horses were rending him limb from limb, he shrieked, as if even then he might receive some pity, that his accusations were true. But, during his trial, his statements varied from day to day, and he retracted in one day what he had stated the day before.

No one pretended to believe that Beza and the others named had anything to do with the murder. But it suited Coligny's enemies to fix the crime upon him. Historians are almost unanimous in acknowledging that he had, and could have, nothing whatever to do with it. The whole life of the man is against it. His own defence is complete. First, he asked that Poltrot should not be executed until he himself could examine him. This was refused. Then he showed that certain conferences spoken of by the assassin were impossible; next, it was well known that he had always steadily endeavoured to warn those who were threatened with such attempts, and had actually warned the Duke, a few days before, that he had heard that a man was hired to murder him. Latterly, he said, he had taken less trouble in hunting up and so preventing such enterprises, because so many had been attempted against himself. This was frank. What he added was still more frank.

"Do not think," he says, "that I speak in regret of Mon-

sieur de Guise, for I think his death the greatest good that could happen to this kingdom and to the Church of God, and *particularly to myself and to my House.* . . . I have looked for my enemy on the field of battle; if I could have pointed a cannon at him I would have done it. I would have spared no means allowed by the laws of war to rid myself of so great an enemy, but I have not armed the hand of a murderer."

This rejoicing at the death of an enemy jars upon modern ears, and yet if any man had reason to rejoice at the death of another it was the Admiral. Guise it was who brought about this war; Guise was the man who made him chargeable with rebellion and *lèse majesté;* Guise stood between him and his great aims —the humiliation of Spain, the greatness of France, the toleration of free-thought; Guise it was who robbed him of the favour of Henry, and kept him from the favour of Charles. Nor were the Huguenots the only folk who rejoiced. Catherine rejoiced. "The man," she said, "is dead whom I hated most of all the world." Cecil in England rejoiced.

And then a peace was signed. Condé, won over and seduced by the sirens of the Court, signed it. It was a humiliating and disastrous peace. Huguenots were to be considered loyal subjects; foreign soldiers should be sent out of the country; churches and temples should be restored to their original uses; the suburbs of one town in every bailiwick were to be

used for Protestant worship (this was a great reduction on the Edict of January, which allowed the suburbs of every town); and the nobility and gentry were to hold worship in their own houses after their own opinions.

The Admiral was furious at this weakness. "You have ruined," he said to Condé, "more churches by one stroke of the pen than the enemy could have done in ten years of war. What of the poor, who have fought as bravely as the nobles? They must walk many miles—women, children, the feeble and the aged—or have no public worship at all."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR.

THE peace, such as it was, lasted for three years and a-half. Every effort was made by the Guises to bring Coligny to a trial on the charge of complicity in the murder of the Duke. The Admiral himself wrote three careful and elaborate defences; the Huguenots asked only that there might be a fair trial, and at a meeting of the Council, Condé pointed out that the hostility of the Guises towards the Chatillons was notorious, and should not be made the means of persecuting the Admiral. Montmorency, for his part, declared his intention of employing all his power in the cause of his nephew. A formal inquiry was ordered to be opened, and, at the end of three years, the King pronounced Coligny's innocence to be established, and ordered a reconciliation to be publicly celebrated between him and the widow of the murdered man. This was done. The Cardinal was there, embracing his enemy with lying lips; but Henri and Claude, the sons, refused to be present, and would take no part in the sham.

This widow, the Duchess of Guise, was the daughter of Renée de France, and had been educated in the principles of the Reformed religion. Yet, as became a renegade, there was now no more fanatic Romanist in France, and no more revengeful woman. She never ceased to regard the Admiral, her mother's best and most trusted friend, as her husband's murderer. So far as she was concerned, it was a false and hollow reconciliation. She nourished the hope of vengeance, and became afterwards an accomplice in the Bartholomew conspiracy.

Meantime, the Admiral lived chiefly at his own Castle of Chatillon-sur-Loing, occupied with his domestic affairs, the education of his children, the reception and entertainment of artists, the preparation of memoirs—those which were subsequently burned, to the great loss of history—correspondence with Calvin and other Protestant leaders, and the furtherance of the Huguenot cause. Three boys were left to him, Gaspard, Francis, and Odet—one more was to be born to him, the only one of the second generation of Huguenot Chatillons who would disgrace the family name—and two daughters, Louise, who afterwards married William the Silent, and became the mother of a long line of kings, queens, electors, and grand-dukes; and Renée, still an infant, whose death was to be one more blow to the long-suffering father. With them his wife, Charlotte de

Laval, fresh from nursing the wounded soldiers in the hospital of Orleans, full of all womanly virtues, steadfast in her faith, fit helpmeet for one on whom was laid, in a manner, the burden of all the nation's sins.

The Admiral was thoughtful for his household first, for his own people next. He procured a worthy tutor, one Le Gresle, for his boys, and enjoined on them the strictest reverence and respect for their master, never ceasing to admonish them to continue steadily in the study of those good books "which lead you in the path of virtue." Then, as he often maintained that universal education would be an incomparable benefit to the world, "seeing that ignorance of letters brings to Church and State many evils," he founded in Chatillon a college where professors of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin taught all comers. He was therefore the first to conceive the idea, as he was the first to attempt its realisation, of universal education. We have seen already the manner in which his household was regulated, with prayers, sermons, and the singing of psalms. Stories abound, which we need not quote here, of the Admiral's continual and patient charity. Some of them are probably invented; but they all point to one certain fact—that, in an age greatly wanting in sympathy, accustomed to the sight of suffering, and therefore callous, this man practised the Christian virtue of charity in the highest sense comprehended

by the nineteenth century, and perhaps in a spirit more lofty than anything we can understand. For the knowledge of goodness, the appreciation of a higher life, grows with the growth of each individual man. He who would fairly set forth the worth of a great man should be himself possessed of the same qualities, even if not to the same degree. One remembers that legend of the statue of Jesus, which was always taller than the tallest man who stood before it. It seems to me, humbly endeavouring to picture to myself this man as he actually was, as if he, too, thus continually towers above the heads of all who approach him. I fail to find in any gallery of worthies, in any country or any century, any other man so truly and so incomparably great.

As for these stories, there is one which tells how the Admiral once detected a servant in a plot to poison him. He pardoned him, and dismissed him with the permission to take service under those who would have made him a poisoner—the Guises. He was always, indeed, in danger of being poisoned or assassinated. Men lurked in the forests when he went hunting, hired, as they said when caught, by one or other member of the Lorraine House. There was no day when he could feel safe. If, for his own part, he rejoiced at the death of Guise, his enemies of that family ardently desired his death, and secretly compassed it. The very virtues of the

man, the trust which he inspired in all alike, a trust so great that the Pope never ceased to wonder why so good a man *could* be in the Genevese camp; the absence of any evil charge to throw against him; all these things were so many incentives to hatred.

He was, however, no blind partisan of Calvin. He would recognise no Protestant Pope, and refused to allow any spiritual preëminence to the Church of Geneva. He remained a friend to the different parties of the French Protestants, represented whether by Beza or by Ramus, exhorting the ministers above all to *live the life*, to show an example of the Christian virtues, and especially that of charity. He gave, for his own part, an example of how the Catholics ought to be tolerated by Protestants, by restoring their church at Chatillon to the priests, so that it was said everywhere that there was no place in France where priests could live in greater safety than at Chatillon. For his own part, he confessed that he thus gave up his church, not for his own pleasure, but in obedience to the law. To enforce obedience to the law, to watch for breaches, and to procure redress, was one of his most important occupations during these years. He wrote perpetually to the Queen-mother, urging her to take action in one case and another. "I implore you, Madam, in the name of God," he concludes one letter, "to see to this matter, and you will be the cause that the King shall be served and obeyed."

In 1565, he was invited by his cousin, Francis de Montmorency, to repair to Paris, in order to assist in repressing disturbances which the Cardinal of Lorraine had attempted to foment. The Admiral rode in state, with 600 gentlemen, to the capital. He invited the Archbishop and the principal clergy to meet him, and pointed out in what mutual tolerance his own people at Chatillon lived. He called the Provost and principal bourgeois, lectured them on the necessity of maintaining order, and pointed out—this man of ideas and resource—the best means of improving and developing the industries and trade of Paris. Of the Parliament he asked that those of the Reformed faith might enjoy the liberty granted by the Edicts. He had already acquired the trust of all: it seemed now as if he had even won the affections of the fanatic Parisians.

Then he returned to Chatillon.

Troubles came upon him through the behaviour of Condé. This Prince remained at Court, cajoled and deceived by Catherine, carrying on amours with her ladies. Calvin wrote to him, urging watchfulness, action, a better life. "Labour more than ever for the Gospel. Prove yourself worthy." His wife, the admirable Eleanore de Roye, Coligny's niece, lay meanwhile dying, deserted and forgotten. Nor was it till Condé fully realised that he was becoming the standing joke of the Court, as a more easily beguiled

dupe than even his brother of Navarre, that he retired sullenly to his newly-acquired Castle of Valery, and bethought him again of the responsibilities he had assumed.

It was during these years of comparatively quiet work that Coligny matured his great project of aggrandising France, humiliating Spain, and advancing the Protestant cause by means of the revolted Netherlands. It was a scheme which he never ceased to cherish. It was the dream of those last days when his death was already determined. It was the project of which he spoke to the King in his last interview.

The project possessed every conceivable advantage, from the Admiral's point of view. It would send to the front all the turbulent and impatient Huguenots; it would employ all those gentlemen, soldiers and mercenaries, who might otherwise be ranged under the Catholic flag; it would convert Spain into an open enemy; it would, once and for all, put an end to the plotting between the Guises and Philip. When the Low Countries revolted, Coligny was forbidden, it is true, to send them men; but French Huguenot money raised for them a force of 4000 horse and thirty companies of foot.

Disquieting rumours, meantime, reached the Admiral of the interview between Catherine and Alva, during her Royal progress with Charles. It was bruited abroad that there was a secret understanding between

the treacherous Florentine and the Spanish Court. It was known, because young Henry of Navarre heard him say it, that Alva recommended the destruction of one salmon rather than that of ten thousand frogs. Jeanne d'Albret cautioned the Admiral; Calvin cautioned him. Catherine, in some alarm, allayed the disquiet by forbidding the passage of the Spaniards through Provence and Dauphiné. It was Coligny who applauded this act of firmness, and recommended the raising of 6000 Swiss troops for the better safety of the kingdom. The troops came, but it soon appeared that they were intended for other work than to fight the Spaniard.

Then the Huguenot chiefs met hurriedly. Andelot, as usual, raised his voice for war. The Admiral, as usual, counselled patience, watchfulness, persuasion. "Better," he said, "to endure the first violence of the enemy than to begin it ourselves. To us would be imputed all the evils which are the fatal consequences of civil war."

Peace, always peace, was the Admiral's policy. It was peace which strengthened the Huguenots; peace which brought them fresh recruits; peace which gave them organisation and enthusiasm; peace which enabled Coligny to stretch into every corner of the country his electric wires of secret intelligence. By his secrecy, by his careful organisation, he was too strong even for the Court. Catherine, who suspected what was

coming, sent spies to report on the Admiral's movements. They could only report, on the 26th of September, that he was gathering in his vintage; yet on the 28th fifty towns were in the power of the Protestants, and the war was begun. It was this rapidity and secrecy which made the Admiral so formidable. The Huguenots began with an attempt to seize the King. There were two special reasons why Coligny wished this attempt to be successful. In the first place, the Catholics were accustomed to say that he wished to place the crown on Condé's head; and in the second, he knew already something of Charles's nature, and his own influence over that strangely-constituted mind. The attempt, most unfortunately, failed. Then followed the battle of St. Denys, fought against immense odds, which was perhaps the most skilful of Coligny's battles. Nothing impressed the Parisians more than the spectacle of 3000 men fighting against 18,000, holding their ground for two hours, and retreating foot by foot. If these things could be done by so small a force, what might not be expected when the Admiral was at the head of the hosts who were hurrying to join him? If Catherine introduced Swiss soldiers, Coligny engaged Germans, through Jean Casimir, the son of the Elector Palatine, who brought him an army of reiters. These mercenaries began by clamouring for pay; they asked for 100,000 crowns. There were not 2000 crowns altogether in the military chest. Then a remarkable

thing happened. All, from the chiefs and princes to the common men, united in subscribing money, rings, chains, and plate, till enough was raised to satisfy their allies. Two Huguenot armies—one under Condé and Coligny, another under Viscount Montclar, and others—marched over France, everywhere successful. Condé besieged Chartres. To save that place, Catherine signed the Peace of Lonjumeau, and the Calvinists dispersed. It was a peace which was signed without any guarantees, and intended only to cause the dispersion of the Huguenots.

But the Admiral was not at the moment in a position to advise or to protest. For his eldest son, Gaspard, a boy of the highest promise, had been taken from him. He was fourteen years of age, and was already affianced to Catherine de Parthenay. The Admiral looked to see him begin immediately a career which he hoped would lead to honour, not in civil, but in foreign war. He was at Orleans with his mother, who was attending to the wants of the wounded. The plague which had been hovering about France for some time, following the Court on the Royal progress, broke out in Orleans, and the boy died. The father writes to his wife, in words which do not try to conceal the anguish of his soul.

"Remember, ma bien aimée, that he is happy in dying at an age when he is free from crime. . . . God has willed it. I offer Him all the rest, if it be His will. Do

thou the same, if thou wishest for His blessing, for in Him alone is all our hope. Adieu. I hope to see thee soon, which is now my only joy."

This joy, alas! will not be realised, for his wife is to leave him too. Worn out by grief, by fatigue, and by fever contracted in the hospitals, the noble Charlotte de Laval wrote from her dying bed a last letter of farewell and admonition to the man with whom, for twenty years, she had toiled to lead the higher life—with whom she had acquired as strong a faith as ever was reached by man or woman.

She writes from her death-bed that she is unhappy indeed, in dying far from the sight of him whom she has always loved better than herself—that she is consoled by the thought of the Judge who wills it so—that she conjures him by herself, if he has ever loved her, and by the children whom she leaves behind as pledges of her love, to fight to the last extremity in the service of God and the advancement of religion—that, as she knows the peculiar affection he entertains for the King, she begs him to remember that God is the first Master, and that He must first be served to the prejudice of any other.

With these last words of love and solemn warning, Charlotte de Laval expired. "Mon Dieu!" cried the Admiral—"Mon Dieu! que t'ai je fait? Quel péché ai je commis pour estre si rudement chastié et accablé de tant de maux?" His wife died on the 3rd of

March. On the 27th was signed the Peace of Lonjumeau.

Peace, but no rest. Coligny retired to Chatillon, protesting to Catherine his undiminished loyalty, and expressing his hope that this time the edicts may be enforced. Then he had difficulties about the payment of the reiters. A sum of 50,000 francs was raised, and sent by the Admiral within the promised time. His messengers bearing the money were set upon by soldiers from Auxerre, a town about twenty miles east of Chatillon, garrisoned by troops belonging to the Duke of Anjou, and were robbed of the whole amount. Coligny wrote to Charles, to Catherine, to the Duke of Anjou, indignantly asking for justice. No justice was to be obtained. He was put off with promises. He was rebuked for carrying on correspondence with the insurgents in the Low Countries. He was ordered to reduce his personal following from a hundred to fifty lances. To insults were added acts of violence. One of his gentlemen was murdered by soldiers of the same garrison of Auxerre which had robbed his messengers. Shots were fired at himself; and the President of Dijon refused to investigate the matter on the pretence of being otherwise occupied. Similar indignities were practised on Condé, then at his Castle of Noyers, whither Coligny repaired in order to take counsel. From Noyers he again wrote to the King, bitterly complaining that some one was

blinding his eyes to the real state of the kingdom. Catherine answered the letter by renewed promises of justice, giving immediate proofs of her honesty by the appointment of Tavannes, the Admiral's bitter enemy, to investigate the affair. Coligny's letters show his appreciation of her intentions. "Madame," he writes, "it is not possible to express better, *in writing*, a disposition to do justice. . . . But I should like to ask when the first justice has been done for the infinite number of murders we have complained of." Then came certain and secret intelligence that Condé and Coligny were both to be arrested. The Admiral hastened again, this time with his family, to Noyers, and they resolved on escaping at once across the Loire.

There was, indeed, no time to be lost. Troops were already in movement to invest the Castle and arrest the two great Huguenot chiefs. There were forty miles of country to traverse; it was covered with enemies and spies; and they were encumbered with women and children. On the night of the twenty-fifth of August, five months after the Peace of Lonjumeau, the journey was begun. They started at sunset, with a feeble escort, and succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in eluding the troops whom the young Duke of Guise was hurrying forwards; for it was ascertained that they had started, and pursuit was resolved upon. In the morning, they arrived at the river. It was impossible to wait. The river must be

forded. While they hesitated, a single voice was raised —"When Israel came out of Egypt." All joined in the psalm, and, so singing, the ford was crossed. Fortunately, the waters were low. Protestant historians loved afterwards to tell how a miracle was wrought, and how, when the enemy appeared on the banks, the water rose and flooded the ford so that they could not get across.

On the 20th of September, the fugitives rode into La Rochelle.

Here they found that La Rochefoucauld had already concluded an agreement with the townspeople, nearly all Protestants, by which their city was appointed the capital of French Protestantism, and Condé was named Chief and Protector of all French Churches. On the 29th of September, Jeanne d'Albret appeared with her boy, happily rescued from the Court and the evil influences of Catherine. Andelot came with his Bretons. Odet, who could not get across the country, was fain to seek refuge with his wife, Elizabeth d'Hauteville, in England, where Elizabeth received him favourably, and where he continued to serve the cause.

The position of La Rochelle as a capital for the Protestants was in many respects superior to that of Orleans. The town was well defended by forts and strong walls, its harbour was impregnable, and by keeping open a communication with English ports, reinforcements might be received there.

The old town still preserves many buildings which were there in the sixteenth century. Foremost among them is the Hotel de Ville, with its rich and delicate tracery, standing within its own walls, jealously guarded, a miracle of mediæval work. In its great hall have been heard the voices of Coligny, Condé, Jeanne d'Albret, Andelot, Rohan, La Rochefoucauld, Porcien, and all the leaders of the great revolt. Here they met in grave council, when the cause seemed almost lost, and nothing remained but to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

The Protestant Temple, where is still held the *lecture* and the *prêche*, is a modern structure which stands upon the site of that wherein Coligny and the early confessors met to pray and hear the Word. As you wander about the narrow streets of the town, you pass under cool cloisters and corridors of stone, which make side-walks. Look up at the stone roof from time to time; you will read there many an old Huguenot legend, many a pious ejaculation, many a word of faith, carved and painted in those days when the women and children remained within the walls, while the men went out to fight under the brave Admiral. At the harbour mouth still stand the two great towers which command the entrance, and once gave safety to Coligny's fleet. The walls of the town are those of the last century, the old walls being all pulled down; they are of earth, with

sloping scarp and counterscarp, moat and curtain, angle and bastion.

Coligny fitted out a fleet of thirty ships, the command of which was given to Chastelier Portant, by means of which he kept the communication open with the English ports, and waged implacable war on the ships of all Catholic countries. Like his infantry, his sailors were subjected to a discipline the rules of which may be gathered from those adopted, in imitation of Coligny's rules, by the Prince of Orange in his fleet of the *Gueux*. Only men of good reputation were received into the service; a minister was to sail with every vessel; and a third of the spoil was to go to the cause. The little Huguenot fleet of Coligny was thus the model of the great Dutch navy.

As regards the land forces, the Huguenots had never before been able to raise so powerful an army. For the first time it seemed as if they were to meet the enemy on equal terms. Twenty thousand men, without counting the Germans, were in the field, fully armed and well disciplined. Opposed to them was the Catholic army, equal in strength but inferior in discipline, commanded nominally by the Duke of Anjou, really by Tavannes. All through a long and exceptionally severe winter, a war of skirmishes went on, in which the skill and daring of the Admiral inspired the enemy, as Tavannes himself tells us, with an increasing dread and admiration. These hostilities

took place in the flat country lying between Châtellerault and Poitiers, and, later on, further north, the Catholics being slowly driven back, between the rivers Loiret and Vienne. With the spring, these temporary advantages were lost; the Catholics, largely reinforced, pushed southwards, driving the Huguenots back upon the Charente, and on the 13th of March, 1569, the battle of Jarnac was fought, the Protestants defeated, and Condé killed. The defeat itself was nothing; the Huguenot soldiers retired in good order, and the enemy did not follow up the victory; but the death of the Prince was a blow which seemed at first fatal to the cause. Even Coligny, the man of so many reverses, did not dare at first to send the news to La Rochelle. Jeanne d'Albret it was who raised the soldiers from despair: she came to the camp, and rode along the ranks with her son Henry on her right, and Condé's son on her left. She addressed the men in words which burned with enthusiasm and maternal love; she gave them her dominions, her treasures, her life, her son. All should be sacrificed to the sacred cause of religious liberty. Jarnac was forgotten in the shouts that greeted her in reply, and Coligny was the first to swear fidelity to Henry of Navarre, thus proclaimed general of the Huguenot army in his fifteenth year.

It was with a heart heavy for other reasons that the Admiral entered upon his last campaign. His little

daughter, the Renée whom he loved so tenderly, was taken from him, and, a few weeks after, his brother, the impetuous and gallant Andelot, died at Saintes, either of fever or of poison. Andelot did not possess the military genius of the Admiral, but he was a good soldier, rapid and impetuous, brave to rashness, and a Protestant with as much conviction as the Admiral, and perhaps more fervour. His last words were prophetic, "La France aura beaucoup de maux. . . . mais tout tombera sur l'Espagnol. Je ne réve point, mon frère, l'homme de Dieu me l'a dit." On the death of his brother, Coligny writes to his own children and Andelot's in the following terms:—

"Although I doubt not that the death of my brother Andelot has caused you deep affliction, I have nevertheless thought it well to bring before your minds the fact that you are happy in being the sons, or nephews, of so great a man, who, I dare to affirm, was the very faithful servant of God, as well as a most excellent and renowned captain. These are virtues whose memory and example should be always before your eyes, so that you may imitate them as much as possible. And I can say with truth that no one has surpassed him in the profession of arms, not doubting that foreigners will render the same testimony, especially those who have proved his valour. Now, so great a reputation was not acquired by indolence and sloth, but by severe toils and hardships endured for his country. And certainly I have never met with any man more just, or a greater lover of piety. I know that it would not be becoming in us to publish these praises among strangers, but I impart them to you more freely in

order to excite and stimulate you to the imitation of such great virtues, which I propose to myself for my own example, beseeching God that I may depart from this life as piously and as humbly as I have seen him die. And so much as I regret his loss with an exceedingly great sorrow, do I ask of you, in consolation of my grief, to let me see his virtues revive and shine in you; and, with this aim, that you give yourselves up with all your hearts to piety and the true religion, and that you employ yourselves, while you are yet young, in the study of those good books which conduct you in the paths of virtue."

Condé's death and the youth of Henry made the Admiral, for the first time, absolute master. It is chiefly in this, the last period of his military career, that we ever see his real genius. Crushed at Jarnac, he is ready a week later to take the field again. He wins the battle of Roche Abeille, he overruns Poitou, and the spirits of the Huguenots rise again.

Among the gentlemen volunteers of his army was one, a youth of eighteen, of special interest to ourselves. Walter Raleigh fought his first battle in the ranks of the Huguenot army, under the banners of Condé and Coligny. He was one of the defeated side at Jarnac.

Six months later, on the third of October, Raleigh was again among the Huguenots at the village of Montcontour, where they again stood face to face with the enemy. The disastrous day began badly. On the very morning of the battle the men mutinied for

pay: they went into action with half a heart. The Huguenot army would have been destroyed as well as routed but for the desperate courage of Louis of Nassau, who broke through the enemy's line at the head of 1000 horse. Perhaps young Raleigh rode with them. Two days after Montcontour, arrived Sir Henry Champernoun with 100 English gentlemen volunteers—a welcome reinforcement, though for 100 we would fain read 10,000.

Coligny, defeated but not cast down, was ready in a week with a new plan of action—if his men would only follow him—more audacious, more unexpected than any he had yet tried. But the men would not follow him. Worn out by so many defeats, overpowered by numbers always superior, they were only anxious for peace to be made—peace at any price, on any terms that could be obtained. Coligny was determined that there should be no peace until religious liberty was obtained. Once more he wrote to Jeanne d'Albret for assistance. Once more that incomparable woman came to the camp, bringing with her the proceeds of all her jewels, which she had sold and pawned, and again harangued the soldiers. Her eloquence, coupled, no doubt, with the arrears of pay, revived the courage of the soldiers.

This was the blackest hour in Coligny's fortunes. Andelot, his brother and his dearest friend, dead; Odet a refugee in England; a price set upon his head, pro-

claimed a traitor by his King, described by Pope Pius V., though this mattered little, as a "detestable, infamous, and execrable man," blamed by his own friends for the defeats of Jarnac and Montcontour and the death of the Prince, commander of a beaten and dejected army—there seemed no gleam of hope. Why not give up a useless struggle? Why not, as his soldiers wished, make such terms as a victorious enemy would grant, and then, with his children and nephews, with Jeanne d'Albret, Henry of Navarre, young Condé, and Louis of Nassau, embark on board one of his own ships and set sail for England? Had he done so, he would have found apologists. He had done enough for honour, we should have said; he had sacrificed all—fortune, name, and ambition—to the cause. These were all gone. He left, the apologist would say, his country when he could give it nothing more. There is one thing more a man always has to give; it is the last thing—*it is his life.*

In the midst of these troubles, he heard that his splendid Castle of Chatillon had been pillaged, and all his treasures—his art collections, his books, everything—had been destroyed or dispersed.

"We must not," he writes to his boys after this intelligence, "count upon what is called property, but rather place our hope elsewhere than on earth, and acquire other means than those which we see with our eyes or touch with our hands. . . . Men have taken from us all they can. If

such is always the will of God, we shall be happy. . . . Persevere with courage in the practice of virtue."

Behind his fortresses of Angoulême and St. Jean d'Angely, he re-formed the wreck of his forces, and then started southwards by long and rapid marches, intent upon accomplishing one of the greatest military exploits on record. While the enemy believed him to be still lurking in the south, cowed by defeat, he would gather fresh troops as he went, and march from Languedoc due north, right across the country, to fall upon Paris itself. That was always in his mind. Paris his, the cause was won. Paris was the home of fanaticism; but Parisians are fickle. He had been their Governor, and knew them. He could silence the preachers, and, their voices stilled, the rest would be easy. Later events—when the Parisians shouted and gave thanks for the murder of Henry III., and afterwards received with Noels, Henry IV.—showed that the Admiral knew his people.

The great march began. The soldiers, cheered with the prospects of more fighting, sang as they marched—

"Le Prince de Condé
Il a eté tué;
Mais Monsieur l'Admiral
Est encore à cheval,
Avec La Rochefoucauld,
Pour chasser tous ces papaux, papaux, papaux."

Besides his Frenchmen, Coligny had with him on this great adventure 3000 reiters and the little band of Englishmen, who started 100 strong, and of whom twelve only were left at the end of the campaign. In Navarre, Montgomery, with the "army of the Viscounts," had gained a signal advantage over the Catholics. The Admiral intended first to effect a junction with his forces. Strengthened by the accession of numerous arquebusiers in Gascony, Coligny passed the last month of the year at Montauban. Quite early in the next year, while the mountain passes were yet dangerous with the winter snows, he set out, in pursuance of his plan, to meet Montgomery, and turned his face northwards. The Court, in profound ignorance of his movements, believed him to be in the south, quiet and inactive. They were deceived: from every hamlet, from every hill of Béarn, the Vivarais, the Cevennes, the Huguenots poured forth from their hiding-places to join the Admiral's army, as snow gathers on the rolling snowball. Fighting his way through a hostile country, crossing swollen rivers whose bridges were broken, camping in villages whose people had fled, leaving, perforce, his wounded behind him, to be reckoned with the dead, he lost 6000 men between Nismes and St. Etienne; but the spirits of his men were high, as those should be whose all is risked upon a single chance. Among the men rode young Henry

of Navarre, the boy general, whose strength and spirits never failed ; with him was the little Prince of Condé ; and with Coligny, his right hand, was Louis of Nassau. The first and only check was at St. Etienne, where Coligny fell ill. For a week his life was despaired of, and already the chiefs had their eyes fixed on Louis of Nassau as a probable successor, when the Admiral recovered unexpectedly and suddenly, and sprang into the saddle again. Two messengers from Catherine, who was trying her usual Fabian policy, were waiting his recovery. They would treat with no one else. "The Huguenot cause," said one of the chiefs, "does not depend on the illness or death of the Admiral." "If he were dead," replied Goutant Biron, the ambassador, "we would not offer you a cup of water." It was true : there were others, gallant captains, soldiers as brave as Andelot, statesmen as wise as Odet, *beaux sabreurs* like Montgomery and La Rochefoucauld ; but there was no leader of the Huguenots beside Coligny. One other there had been—Condé—but he was dead ; one other there might have been—Jeanne d'Albret—but she was a woman. It was Coligny who thought for all, worked for all, provided for all. It was Coligny who disciplined the unruly soldiery, trying to maintain among them, even in civil war, the virtues of the Christian life ; only for Coligny would the jealous chiefs work in concert ; to the common sense of Coligny only would the fanatic ministers defer

their zeal; he it was, and none other, whom his party trusted. And—which has been given to few men—it was Coligny alone whom the Catholics trusted. There can be no stronger tribute to his worth than the fact that even Catherine, the Queen of Lies, trusted implicitly the word as well as the strength of the Admiral. "Were the Admiral dead, she would not offer the Huguenots a cup of water."

He did not die; he recovered, and pushed on. Fresh messengers came to parley; the Court was panic-stricken. At Arnay-le-Duc, in Burgundy, he met Corsé with 12,500 men, and beat him with 7000; he pushed on to La Charité, and was within forty miles of Paris before the Catholics could realise the fact that he was not still hiding behind St. Jean d'Angely. Catherine gave way, as she always did, trusting once more, like her ally, Philip, to time. On the 8th of August, 1570, a treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye, which gave the Reformed liberty of religion in every town they then held, complete civil equality, freedom from all disabilities in the universities, schools, and hospitals, and, as guarantees of good faith, the towns of La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité. It was a peace that granted more than any previous one, because it was the doing of Coligny alone. There were real guarantees this time, besides the perjured faith of Catherine; and Coligny's

work, for the first time in his life, so far as the Huguenot cause, seemed accomplished.

Peace was signed. If Coligny had reason to rejoice over the unqualified success which terminated his struggle, he rejoiced still more at the fact that the King had himself pushed forward the business against the advice of his mother and that of the young Duke of Guise. But the flames of rage and violence were not so easily trampled out. With the best intentions, the King was too weak to enforce order: that must come in time. Meanwhile, the Admiral could recover nothing of his dispersed treasures. His brother the Cardinal's houses were still occupied by usurpers. Two of his own people were murdered. Yet he has hope. He writes to Elizabeth that the peace will be a lasting one. He writes to Geneva, asking the ministers to rejoice with him, "for that it hath pleased God finally to convert the pain and travail in which we have been into a peace and tranquillity, for the duration and continuation of which I am assured that you will aid us to pray that He will maintain it, and grant that we may long enjoy it."

All through the autumn of 1570, he toiled incessantly at the task of enforcing order. In spite of the hopefulness with which he spoke, his anxieties were very great. There were troubles and murders at Rouen and Orange. He had to repress the intolerance of the ministers assembled at La Rochelle. He knew that

the Pope, Philip, Catherine, Anjou, Guise—all were conspiring, intriguing, neglecting no opportunity of breaking the treaty. In February, 1571, he heard the black news that his brother Odet was dead, the wise and patient Odet, so long his adviser and his mainstay. In Andelot he lost a hand; in Odet, half his wisdom. The Cardinal, who had been well received by Elizabeth, was living with his wife in the Savoy. Here he fell suddenly ill, with symptoms which pointed to poison, and died.

So now the Admiral was left quite alone—wife, brothers, eldest son, Condé, all taken from him. Now he stood unsupported, save for the advice and help of Jeanne d'Albret. As regards his relations with the Court, he had entirely ceased to trust in the promises of Catherine. There was but one person he could trust—it was the King himself. From him he hoped everything.

His chief negociator was a young noble, brought up by himself, in whom he had great reliance, named Teligny. This youth added to a charming and winning manner, which entirely overcame the King, the art of "carrying through" diplomatic schemes, and awakening in the mind of Charles ambitions and hopes which had hitherto been dormant. After the Edict of St. Germain, Teligny, called "le porte paix," continually went backwards and forwards between the Court and La Rochelle, smoothing difficulties, and

taking care that the King was kept acquainted with the truth.

Other things at this moment helped to throw Charles into the arms of the Admiral. He was irritated against his mother and brother. He had sworn the death of Guise for presuming to aspire to marry his sister Marguerite. It was rumoured that his elder sister, Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, had been poisoned by her husband.

From March to July, 1571, Charles was disposed to come to an understanding with Coligny. Louis of Nassau had come from La Rochelle to talk over the proposed alliance between France and the revolted Flemings. Charles wished his sister to marry Henry of Navarre. There was talk of marriage between Elizabeth of England and the Duke of Anjou.

Other things of quite a different kind happened, in the spring of 1571, to rejoice the Admiral. Jacqueline d'Entremont, a young and beautiful lady of Savoy, won by admiration and respect, brought to him herself and her wealth, wishing, she said, to be the "Martia of this new Cato." In May, two months after his own marriage, he gave his daughter Loüise to his friend and disciple, Teligny. "I counsel her," he says, in his grave and solemn style, "to marry M. de Teligny for the excellent disposition and other noble and rare qualities which I have found in him. And if she does so, I shall esteem her very happy. But in this thing

I wish not to use any authority or paternal command; only I let her know that, loving her as she very well knows that I do love her, I give her this counsel because I think it will be for her welfare and contentment, which in such matters one ought to look for rather than great wealth and riches."

Teligny, whose patrimony had been squandered by his father, had nothing. The hand of Louise, the dearly loved daughter of the great Admiral, was sought by many of the German Princes. Yet he chose rather to give her to a penniless gentleman, for the "bonnes conditions" he had marked in him.

In September, he obeyed the King's invitation, and repaired to Blois. His reception was strange. Catherine pretended to be sick; the Duke of Anjou pretended to be sick. The King received the Admiral in his mother's chamber. They had made no provision for the fifty gentlemen who accompanied their leader, and who were fain to huddle together in two or three rooms near that of the Admiral.

He stayed at Blois for a month, but made little headway with the King, and saw clearly that Catherine would never consent to break with Spain. In October, he returned to Chatillon, where he occupied himself with his young wife and his children. A letter remains written by the little ones to Renée, the aged Duchess of Ferrara, during these days.

It was the last time that the Seigneur of Chatillon

would look upon wife and children, castle and gardens. We may picture him visiting his college, taking account of the behaviour of the students, watching the education of his sons, cheered by the love of his wife, wondering, perhaps, how long he will be allowed to enjoy these things, of which he has enjoyed so little.

It is soon over, the breathing time.

In March, Jeanne d'Albret came to the Court, after repeated invitations. Good news arrived from Flanders. Louis of Nassau, on whom the King has conferred a pension of 12,000 livres, departed for the frontier. Charles wrote to his ambassador at Constantinople that he was firmly resolved to oppose the greatness of Spain. The Admiral came to the Court, and for a time all seemed to go well.

There can be no doubt, none whatever, in spite of the incredible subsequent treachery of the King, that at this time he had grown to admire and trust the Admiral above all other men. From no other had he ever heard the truth—how Spain was the implacable and hereditary enemy of France; how the Spanish policy was the exact opposite of all that was dear to French traditions, and the Spanish institutions would be impossible for Frenchmen to endure. The Admiral recalled the history of Charles VIII. and his triumphal march, that of Francis and his dreams; he pointed out the glory that might be won in war against Spain; he awakened in the young King the warlike spirit of the

Valois; he offered a splendid addition to the realm, the whole of the Low Countries; he showed how his Huguenot sailors would sweep the sea of Spanish men-of-war, plunder the Spanish colonies, capture the Spanish galleons laden with plate; he made the King participate for a moment in his own ambitions. France should be united once again, and each should follow his own religion. There should be French colonies in America; French influence should be felt again in Europe; French commerce should be extended; a great French navy should be founded; the royal power should be strengthened; the lawlessness of great nobles suppressed.

Lastly, the Admiral put everything frankly and trustfully into the hands of the King. He gave up all the guarantees, the strongholds of the Huguenots, and placed them in the hands of Charles. Loyalty could go no farther.

He threw himself into these projects with all the ardour of his nature. "Qui empesche la guerre d'Espagne n'est pas bon Français et a une croix rouge dans le ventre," he said to Tavannes, who was in the opposite interest; and to Strozzi and Brantôme he said, "Praise God, all goes well; before long we shall have driven out these Spaniards from the Netherlands and made our own King the master, or died in the attempt, and I the first." There can be little doubt that, in his eagerness to promote this war, in which

alone he saw the chance of lasting peace, he fairly offered the King his choice between it and a renewal of civil war. Nor can there be any doubt which the King would have chosen, but for Catherine. She was afraid; she thought that fanaticism would prove stronger than patriotism. She was afraid; it is the sad refrain that runs through the history of three reigns—the Queen-mother was afraid. Like all cowardly natures, Catherine hated those whom she feared. She hated the Guises all through; she hated Philip; she hated the Constable; and now, for the first time, she hated Coligny. When her hatred of him was greater than her hatred of the Guises, she compassed his death.

Coligny drew up a memoir: the time for peace with Spain, he said, was past. Philip would never forgive the reception given to Louis of Nassau: no time like the present for inevitable war: honour called for reprisals for the French subjects murdered in America. Every Protestant power would aid, and the wounds of France would be healed when her soldiers were once more fighting on a foreign soil. And then the Admiral played his last card. The deception of the Queen-mother was at last patent to him; all her lies and treacheries lay unrolled before him like a map. Who were the real enemies of his policy? Who betrayed the secret of the Court to Philip? Who were the traitors to France? Those nearest and

dearest to the King, his mother and his brother. He told the King the truth, and proved it. "What have you learned," asked Catherine, "in your long interview with the Admiral?" "I have learned, madam," replied her son furiously, "that the two greatest enemies I have are you and my brother."

It was then that Catherine finally resolved to destroy Coligny, and with him his party. Men sent warning letters to the Admiral, but he laughed at them, for his influence was greater than ever with the King. On the 7th of August he wrote to La Rochelle, thanking God that the King's mind was turned to the preservation of the peace: "vous n'avez, Dieu merci, nulle occasion de craindre." On the 11th, William of Orange prayed him to hasten his departure for the seat of war. On the 18th, they celebrated in great amity the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Margaret at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Admiral pointed to the flags which had been captured at Jarnac and Montcontour, promising soon to replace them by others more worthy of France. These others were never to be hung there, because the Admiral had now but a week to live. To his young wife he wrote, betraying a certain uneasiness, though all seemed well.

Meantime, one Maurevel, a hired assassin, the servant of the young Duke of Guise, a prince who inherited his father's courage and strength of will, without any of the chivalrous qualities which had

commended him to young Gaspard de Coligny, was already taking his measures.

On the morning of the 22nd of August, the Admiral was invited by the Duke of Anjou to settle a difference between two of his gentlemen. The arbitration concluded, he left the Louvre to return to his own hotel. On the way he met the King going to play tennis with the Duke de Guise, and accompanied him as far as the tennis court, where he left him, and turned homewards, followed by ten or twelve gentlemen. At the corner of the Rue Betizy, a man offered the Admiral a petition, which he received and began to read, walking slowly along the road.

Suddenly, there was a report from a corner house. The Admiral dropped the paper, one finger of his right hand being broken and his left arm grievously wounded. Maurevel's shot had wounded, but it had not killed him. So far, for the Guises, it was a *coup manqué*, a bungling attempt at murder.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAY OF BARTHOLOMEW.

"The sentence is gone forth against this murderer, the King of France, and the vengeance of God shall not be withdrawn from his house. His name shall be held in execration by posterity, and no one who shall spring from his loins shall possess the kingdom in peace."

JOHN KNOX.

THEY carried the Admiral to his own house, which stood hard by, in the street then called the Rue de Betizy, but afterwards the Rue des Fossès-Saint-Germain. His hotel remained untouched until the middle of the last century, at which time it was called the Hotel de Lisieux. They then still showed the Admiral's chamber: the house is now destroyed.

The King, hearing the news, threw down his racquet, crying, "Am I never to have any peace?" and sent his own physician, Ambrose Paré, to attend to the wounds. Paré, the most remarkable surgeon of the century, was the first who practised the tying up of arteries and the modern treatment of wounds. Before his time, all wounds were treated by pouring over them boiling oil. He was an avowed Huguenot, and owed

his life at the massacre to the personal intervention of the King.

Paré found the wound comparatively slight. One finger of the right hand was broken, and there was a flesh wound in the left arm; it was a wound which, with care, would heal up in a few days. There was, however, the danger that the bullets, which were of copper, might have poisoned the arm. "My friends," cried the Admiral to his friends, who stood round him in lamentation and tears, "why do you weep for me? I hold myself happy to have received these wounds for the cause of God."

In the afternoon, the King himself, accompanied by Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and all his Court, called upon the wounded man. The accounts of the interview are somewhat uncertain. It is, however, tolerably clear that the Admiral conversed with the King in a low tone upon the Low Countries and the Edict of Pacification. Presently, Catherine requested to see the bullet. "You bear the pain," said Charles, "for the moment; but I bear a perpetual pain: par la mort Dieu, I will take such revenge that it shall never be forgotten."

I have always been inclined to disbelieve that Charles, when he paid this visit, had actually resolved upon the massacre. Not only does the character of the King, his behaviour immediately before the attempted assassination and immediately after it, refute that

charge, but the balance of evidence—such evidence as exists—seems to me against it. On the other hand, there is everything to prove that the massacre of Bartholomew had been already resolved upon, and that Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and Guise were the authors of the plot.

In any case, it is not necessary for us here to inquire into the origin of the thing: this attempted assassination took the Court and everybody, except Guise, entirely by surprise. After the King's visit to the Admiral, a Council was hastily called together; the King, Catherine, Anjou, Guise were there. Tavannes, who was also present, has described what passed. They saw nothing before them but more civil war. Already the Huguenots were mustering in the streets, loudly demanding justice, and making demonstrations before the hotels of Guise and d'Aumale; already they named the real murderer as Guise himself. More civil war; the country exhausted; the blood of thousands spilled; France longing for peace: how was that peace to be secured? To the mind of Catherine, one course only presented itself—the course recommended years before by Alva: let them murder all the chiefs. Charles—what can be said in adequate pity and loathing?—consented. Should they kill young Condé and Henry of Navarre? Tavannes dissuaded them. No doubt, Catherine and Guise thought that they could be

murdered afterwards. Sufficient for the day would be the murder of Coligny, La Rochefoucauld, and all the rest of the Protestant chiefs in Paris.

While this Council was being held at the Louvre, another was held in the Admiral's hotel. Paré reassured the assembled chiefs as to the wound. Should they carry away the patient, and, all together, leave Paris? This course was debated, and relinquished only on the persuasion of Teligny, who vouched for the King's good faith. They decided to remain; they would trust once more in the word and honour of that Italian woman who had so often betrayed them; who for thirteen years had ruled and troubled France. They were to expiate the folly of that confidence with their lives.

Let us concede that Charles did not realise what was about to be done. The deaths of a few leaders seemed to him the extent of the murderous plot. Chateaubriand pleads for pity for the young King. What pity, save that which is accorded to the worst and most degraded of criminals—the pity that one man should have been in a position to wreak such evil—the pity that such a man had ever been born—the pity and the shame which spring out of the sense of common humanity? One thing alone can be said of him—he was not the worst. Catherine, his mother, was worse; the Duke of Anjou, his brother, was worse; the Duke of Guise was worse; Philip of Spain, the Cardinal of

Lorraine, the Pope of Rome—all these were worse, because they applauded in cold blood an act which was permitted in haste and rage and frenzy.

It was Guise who arranged the details, and reported, on Saturday evening, that all was ready. Every good Catholic was to be known by a strip of white linen round his arm and a white cross in his hat.

The Captains of the Quarters and the Swiss were waiting the signal.

The only sure way to secure the success of a conspiracy is to limit the possession of the secret to as few as possible. Probably none but the three chief conspirators knew, until the last moment, the whole meaning of the preparations. In spite of the secrecy observed, an uneasy feeling grew among the Huguenots. A few, alarmed at mere whispers in the air, suspicious without reason, retired from Paris. The Pope had been informed, perhaps by the Cardinal de Lorraine, that something signal was intended. Philip waited in eager expectation for news of treachery and ferocity.

On that Saturday night, the King sat late in the Louvre. With him were his mother and his brother. He was pale, trembling, and agitated. She, cold, calm, and resolute, urged him to give the signal. It was already half-past one on Sunday morning. At that moment, the thought of his treachery mounted to his brain. He hesitated; a cold sweat broke out upon

his forehead. Then that woman, the tigress, maddened him. She knew how to madden men as well as to corrupt and destroy them. She called him coward. Charles sprang from his chair—"Begin, then," he cried.

Then they waited for the signal to be given. The sound of a pistol was heard. Charles started, and would have sent word to Guise to precipitate nothing. His mother told him it was too late.

The great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois began to toll. It was after two o'clock in the morning.

And then the streets of the sleeping city, quiet in the warm air of an August night, became suddenly filled with armed men, crying, "For God and the King."

The leader of them all was the Duke of Guise. Followed by his uncle, the Duke d'Aumale, the Chevalier d'Angoulême, and 300 soldiers, he rushed to the Admiral's hotel.

They knocked at the outer gate, calling for admission in the King's name. It was opened. The man who stood to receive them was immediately murdered. The inner gate was forced open. The household was by this time roused. They barricaded the passages—a feeble defence, which served for the servants to reach the upper part of the house. Coligny was awake. His minister, Merlin, was praying with him, A valet rushed into the room. "Sir," he cried, "the

house is broken open, and there are no means of resistance." "I have long been prepared to die," answered the Admiral. "Save your lives, if you can: you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to the mercy of God."

Then, for a brief space, he was left alone, save for his German interpreter, who remained with him.

During the last moments of life, it is said, men can review, in a single flash of memory, every event of the preceding years, from the days when they tottered at their mother's knees, till this the last, when the pain and passion of death are actually before them, and the wings of Azrael are beating on their ears. It seems to us, who know the actions but not the thoughts of the man, as if this retrospect would be to Coligny full of joy and happiness, because, whatever the event, his own service had been well done. No doubt, in that solemn moment, there would come over the spirit of this good and faithful servant the sense, inseparable from all human actions, of imperfection.

They found him — Guise's murderers — leaning against the wall, being weak and feeble after his wound, and unable to stand. The first who entered was one Besme, a servant of the Duke's. "Are you the Admiral?" he asked.

"I am," replied Coligny. Then looking in the face of his assassin, he said, calmly—"Young man, you ought to consider my age and my infirmity. But

you will not make my life shorter"—meaning that he was already, by reason of his wounds, at the point of death.

Besme plunged the sword into his breast, and gave him a second blow upon the head. The other soldiers, who had crowded into the room, despatched him with daggers.

"Besme! Besme!" cried the Duke of Guise from below, "is it done?"

"It is done, my lord," answered the servant.

To satisfy his master, he threw the body out of the window into the court-yard. The Duke of Guise, wiping the blood from the dead man's face with his handkerchief, looked upon the well-known features of his enemy. "I know him," he cried, joyfully; "it is he." He kicked the dead body with his foot, and left it there, calling on his companions to go on with the good work in the name of the King.

Sixteen years later, the corpse of this same Henry Duke of Guise was lying before another murderer, Henry the Third, who, as Guise had treated the dead body of Coligny, so treated the dead body of Guise, with a brutal kick.

* * * * * *

The rest of the story of Bartholomew may be told by others. Sufficient for us to note that the Pope rewarded the messenger who brought him the joyful tidings with a thousand pieces of gold, offered up

solemn thanksgiving with the College of Cardinals, fired the cannon of Saint Angelo, and struck a medal in honour of the event. The Cardinal de Lorraine, who was in Rome at the time, celebrated the news by a great procession to the French Church of St. Louis, on whose gates he wrote an inscription in letters of gold, thanking God for hearing his prayers, offered daily for twelve long years. Philip the Second wrote to Catherine that this was the best news she could possibly have sent him. In Germany, Switzerland, and England, the intelligence was received with amazement and horror which belied the powers of language.

But the Admiral was dead; and everywhere those who were the enemies of Protestantism and the enemies of France rejoiced.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

IT remains to say a few words on the character of the great man whose life I have endeavoured to set forth. First, let us hear what a contemporary, Brantôme, says of his death.

"Unfortunate death I call it for all France, seeing the evils which came of it and yet will come; for what could the King wish for more than to get rid of a powerful enemy, though he showed him a good face? Coligny was going out of the kingdom with 20,000 of his own partisans, and, God knows, the best. He was going to conquer a country as large as a kingdom, and appropriate it for his King. For himself, he wanted nothing. All the reports of that kind are false. He no more wished to be the King of France than I do. But he did wish to hold a great charge under the King—to have the same rank as he had held under the great King Henry—to be his lieutenant-general."

This is the testimony of a Catholic, not a Huguenot.

Coligny, at the time of his murder, was by no means the venerable patriarch that we are accustomed to

consider him. He was about fifty-seven years of age, the only touch of time being shown in his grey hair; he was an extremely strong man, healthy, vigorous, capable of any fatigue, and still fresh for every kind of work. At a step in life's journey when the road still stretches far ahead, and plenty of good work looms yet before, Coligny seemed to himself to have spent his life fruitlessly, save for one thing—the establishment of religious liberty. All the rest was still to do. Since this, too, failed, we may be tempted at first to regard his whole life as a failure. This, as we shall see, was not so. As regards his religion, Coligny organised the Reform and disciplined the Reformers; he showed them their real strength. He was the first to perceive clearly that, in his own life at least, Protestantism could never become the religion of his country. And then he proclaimed and practised, himself the first, the principles of religious toleration. He prepared the way, as he set the example, for his pupil, Henry the Fourth. It was through the efforts of Coligny, and no other, that the Protestants obtained liberty of conscience until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

His political programme, could it have been carried out, included, as regards internal affairs, a kingdom in which Catholic and Protestant would have lived together side by side, at peace if not in friendship, as they do in this realm of England.

As regards foreign affairs, he saw that France, could the weak point of intolerance be removed, had but one enemy—that enemy weakened by long wars, by emigration to America, and by the great extent of her empire. He would face that power boldly; he would meet her in her Transatlantic possessions, on the Spanish frontier, and in the Low Countries; he would fight the common enemy of progress with the aid of English and German allies.

A great France open to the teaching of emancipated minds, extending her colonies far and wide, with a powerful navy, a disciplined army, encouraging trades, offering to all a free education—this was the dream, the life-long dream, of the man.

His dream died with him. After many years, it was revived in part by Richelieu, but only in part.

It is one great quality of noble dreams that they bring with them the development and improvement of those means by which alone they can be realised. Coligny worked perpetually on the improvement of the instruments by which he hoped to accomplish his great and ambitious ends. It was he who first reduced to discipline and order the unruly soldiers who composed the French infantry. "More than a million of lives," says Brantôme, "saved by the Admiral's rules!" What has the King, what have the people, to offer as a reward to the man who saves a million lives? It was he who first made it possible

for a camp to be orderly, quiet, and God-fearing, anticipating Cromwell by a hundred years. It was he who first introduced discipline into the fleet, as he had already done for the army. William of Orange, his son-in-law, founded the Dutch navy in imitation of Coligny's wise rules. It was he who foresaw the advantages of a colonial empire, and strove to establish settlements on the other side of the Atlantic, if only for those of the Religion. The early history of French Canada shows that the lesson was not lost. The first settlements of the English were stimulated, if not inspired, by the narrative of Ribaut's failure in Florida. Again, anticipating the Scotch Puritans, he wanted to see education universal and compulsory. It was from education alone that he hoped to see the accomplishment of religious emancipation. In all these things Coligny was before his age.

In truth, there is no grander figure in the sixteenth century than that of the great Admiral. One thinks of him as grave, but not stern; severe in speech, simple in life, but no bigot; sadly working at what lies before him to be done, yet always hoping for better things; trusted by all alike, friend and foe; trusting all in turn, save when he could trust no longer; always believing the best of everybody; never afraid, never cast down, never losing his hold on hope, faith, and charity; his mind continually full of high and lofty things.

Again, one turns from the stern picture of Coligny struggling with adverse fate, to that quiet home-life which looks so fair and beautiful, but of which he could enjoy so little. He and his two brothers lived undivided, actuated by the same motives, hopeful of the same results. Their ambitions, their faith, their aims were one. There exists a medallion which figures the three brothers side by side; but the Admiral is the central figure of the three. I think the world has never seen three brothers so remarkable. Or he is with his wife and children, directing their studies, watching them at their play; talking with Charlotte de Laval over the brave days that may come when the oppressors are cast out; seeking solace among his pictures, books, and statuary, or quietly working out some plan of relief for the Protestant Church.

Note again, that, in an age of treachery, dissimulation, and universal bad faith, not one has a word to say against any of these three brothers. Their lives were acknowledged by their enemies to be absolutely blameless; their word was sacred. From the Pope to the most fanatic monk, not one had a charge to make against the Admiral, Andelot, or the Cardinal, except that they were heretics.

Lastly, he had the rare and beautiful power of attracting the love of all men alike. Not only his own followers, men like Teligny, La Noue, and others—not austere Puritans at all, albeit of the Religion—

loved their chief; but Charles the Ninth himself, brought up from infancy to regard him as the enemy of the faith, learned to love and trust him. Condé, *ce joly petit homme qui toujours rit,* loved him. Jeanne d'Albret, the best woman of her age, knew the worth of him who was its best man. Her son, Henry of Navarre, cherished his memory all through his life. William and Louis of Nassau were his disciples. Englishmen came to fight under the banners of the man who most commanded the attention, the respect, and the admiration of the world.

These remained with him, in spite of the ill luck which steadily attended him. Everything seemed to fail except his courage. His death was the signal for the destruction of what he had spent years in building up. His life is like that of some hero of ancient tragedy, in whom fate gradually closes more darkly, with deeper and deeper shadows, though with occasional gleams of sunshine, till the climax is reached.

There was no one like him; not one, even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and so steadfast, as the great Admiral. He has become a proverb for fidelity, honesty, and courage. His name has sunk into the hearts of Frenchmen more than that of any other man. He has earned the gratitude of every one who can realise, even imperfectly, what a great, what a priceless thing it is

to be born beyond the power of priests—to live in a land where ecclesiastical pretensions have no meaning for the people, and are only paraded in idle show. The deliverance of mankind from this pretence of authority is as yet far from complete. Sometimes it seems farther off than ever. Yet we cannot but believe that it slowly advances. Not to believe this would be to despair of humanity. Complete liberty of thought can only dwell in the world when, for many generations, mankind has resolved to put into practice the divine dreams of Coligny—when all shall be educated alike, both rich and poor, men and women—when all shall have thrown off for ever the yoke of authority, and learned to regard the dreadful story of the past as that of the long slow march of liberty.

For us, who cannot live to see the fulness of light, it is something to stand in the ranks of Coligny's successors. It is something to feel that, like that curve which gradually and for ever approaches a certain line which it never meets, humanity is always drawing, however slowly, nearer and nearer to the perfect freedom for which its greatest men have died. But that freedom, like the asymptote, is a tangent at infinity.

For three days after St. Bartholomew, the populace amused themselves with dragging the headless trunk of Coligny through the streets of Paris. Then they hanged it by the feet to the gibbet of Montfaucon,

whither, according to some, the King and all the Court rode to see their victim. But this does not seem true. During the night, a faithful servant stole the mutilated corpse, and placed it in a leaden coffin. It was taken to Chantilly, the seat of Montmorency, whence it was removed to Chatillon, where, for greater security, it was built up in a recess in the wall. Strange to say, the fact and place were quite forgotten by the unworthy descendants of the great Huguenot. In 1657, the last Coligny died, the family title and possessions passing to the Montmorency Luxembourgs. One day, a hundred years later, the Duke of Luxembourg was at dinner in his château of Chatillon-sur-Loing, when they came to tell him that certain workmen, in executing repairs, had discovered in the wall a leaden box, doubtless containing treasure. It was opened, and found to contain the bones of the Admiral. The Duke did not conceal his disappointment. What were the bones of a great man compared to a box full of doubloons? He actually gave the coffin to the Marquis of Montesquiou, who built a fitting tomb for them in his park of Maupertuis. On one side of the tomb was a Latin epitaph—

"Magni illius Franciæ Admiralis Gaspardis à Coliniaco hujusce loci domini ossa in spem resurrectionis hic sunt deposita: anima autem apud Eum pro quo constantissime pugnavit recepta est."

And on the other side a slab, on which was inscribed

Voltaire's account of the night of Saint Bartholomew. Then came the Revolution. Once more the coffin was removed, this time to Paris for safety. The Duke of Luxembourg, after the Restoration, asked the Count of Montesquiou-Fezensac to give it back, and finally the coffin was taken back to Chatillon, where, as we have already seen, the bones of the great Admiral lie resting at last and forever among the ruins of his own castle.

APPENDIX I.

IN the second Appendix will be found a genealogical table of the House of Chatillon. A few words of commentary on the names which appear in it seem desirable.

The Admiral had, by his first wife, five sons—Henri, Gaspard, Francis, Odet, and Charles—and two daughters—Louise and Renée. By his second wife, he had a posthumous daughter, Beatrix. The unfortunate Jacqueline, this second wife, was thrown into prison by the Duke of Savoy, and kept there till she died—Beatrix, her daughter, being separated from her, and brought up in the Catholic faith.

Of the sons, Henry died in infancy, and Gaspard at the age of fifteen ; there remained Francis, Odet, and Charles. The eldest of these was fifteen years old at the Bartholomew massacre. The King sent a detachment of horse to Chatillon to arrest Madame de Chatillon, her step-children, and the children of Andelot. Francis, with his cousin, Guy de Laval, Andelot's eldest son, escaped in disguise, and managed to get to Geneva. Hearing that Madame d'Andelot had escaped to Bâle, with the rest of her family, they joined her there. Jacqueline d'Entremont, the Admiral's

widow, being then far advanced in pregnancy, was unable to escape.

In 1575, being then eighteen years of age, young Coligny returned to France, and at once assumed a position as one of the leaders of the Huguenots. For twelve years he led a life of unceasing battle, showing himself rather a knight of heroic courage than a general. In his hands, at least, the reputation of the Chatillons for courage, skill, and loyalty suffered no abatement.

Of his second brother, Odet, little is known, except that he fought worthily, and died unmarried, or without issue.

The third, Charles, too young to have felt the influence of his father, was brought up in a convent, and not restored to his own people until the year 1577. During the first siege of Paris, he abjured Protestantism, and joined the party of Guise, his father's murderer.

Louise de Coligny was married twice—first to Teligny, as we have seen, and, ten years after the murder of her young husband in the massacre, to William the Silent. She saw her second, like her first, husband murdered, so to speak, in her very arms. This illustrious woman, worthy of her father, should be made the subject of a special biography. Here there is only room to say that, among the descendants of her one son, Frederick Henry of Nassau, may be numbered the Count of Paris and the Emperor of Germany; so that the blood of the great Admiral is not extinct, but lives.

Her sister, Renée, died in childhood.

Francis de Coligny, who married Marguerite d'Ailly de Péquigny, left four children—(1) Henri, a young man of infinite promise, in whom the Protestants loved to trace the features as well as the character of his grandfather, the Admiral; he was killed in his nineteenth year, at the

defence of Ostend; (2) Gaspard, of whom we shall speak immediately; (3) Charles, and (4) François, who both died without children.

Gaspard III., Marshal de Chatillon, born in 1584, proved a lukewarm defender of the faith. His character was indolent and gentle. He aimed at Court favour; he raised suspicions among his own party as to his loyalty to the Reformed religion; and, in his latter days, he became neutral in the affairs of the Protestant Church. No doubt, he saw the hopelessness of further struggle. Nevertheless, he never left the Church.

He had two sons and two daughters—

1. The eldest, Maurice, was killed in a duel by the Duke de Guise, in his twenty-fifth year.

2. The second, Gaspard, abjured the Protestant religion, and died at the age of twenty-nine, leaving one son, Henri-Gaspard, who died in early manhood, unmarried.

3. Henriette. She married, in 1643, Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington and *en secondes noces*, Gaspard de Champagne, Count de la Suze. It is under the name of the Countess de la Suze that this unworthy descendant of the great Admiral is remembered. She, too, abjured Protestantism. She was the author of a quantity of verse, of mediocre quality, and of the courtly amorous school.

4. Anne, who married the Count de Montbéliard, and died without children.

This terminated the elder line.

Andelot was twice married. By his first wife, Claude de Rieux, he had two sons and two daughters. By his second, Anne de Salmy, he had also two sons and two daughters.

The daughters all appear to have died without children.

The eldest son, Guy Paul de Chatillon, Comte de Laval, was born in 1555. He escaped the massacre, and retired into Switzerland, where he remained until 1576. With his three brothers, he threw himself into the cause for which his father had lived and died. One of these died of fever, at St. Jean d'Angle; the two others were cut down by his side in a cavalry engagement at Taillebourg. Guy himself followed them to the grave a week later, overcome with grief. Thus the four sons of the gallant Andelot were all cut off together.

He left one son, Guy de Coligny, who died of fever while fighting against the Turks, at the age of twenty one. In him the younger branch became extinct.

APPENDIX II.

GENEALOGY OF THE CHATILLONS.

Frederic de Mailly = Louise de Montmorency = Gaspard, Marquis de Chatillon.
Baron de Conty

Ch. de Roye, C. of Rosay. = Madeleine

Pierre. d. 1534. Odet. Gaspard. Francis.

Eleanore de Roye = Louis Prince of Condé.

The Condé line.

THE ELDER LINE.

Charlotte de Laval = Gaspard = Jacqueline d'Entremont.

Henri. Gaspard. Francis. b. 1557. d. 1591. = Marguerite d'Ailly. Odet. Charles. Louise. Renée. Beatrix.

Henri. b. 1583. d. 1601.

Gaspard. b. 1584. d. 1646. = Anne de Polignac

Charles. = René de Talmsac.

Françoise.

Maurice (1). b. 1618. d. 1643.

Gaspard (2). b. 1620. = Henri Gaspard. d. 1657.

Henriette = Earl of Haddington. = Gaspard de Champagne, C. de la Suze. =

Anne = George de Montbéliard =

(1) Killed in a duel by the Duc de Guise.

(2) Abjured the Protestant faith.

DESCENDANTS OF LOUISE.

William of Nassau = Louise de Coligny.

Frederick Henry of Nassau = Emilie de Solmes.

Louise Henriette = Frederick William of Brandebourg.

Frederick I. of Brandebourg = Sophia Charlotte of Luxembourg.

Frederick William K. of Prussia = Sophia Dorothea of Hanover.

The Royal line of Prussia.

Philippine Charlotte = Charles of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel.

Anne Amelia = Auguste de Saxe Weimar.

Charles Auguste = Louise Auguste of Hesse Darmstadt.

Caroline Augusta of Saxe Weimar = Frederick Louis of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

Helena of Mecklenburg Schwerin = Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans.

Count of Paris.

THE CADET BRANCH.

Francis de Chatillon = Anne de Salm.

Claude de Reaux = Sieur d'Andelot.
1525—1561.

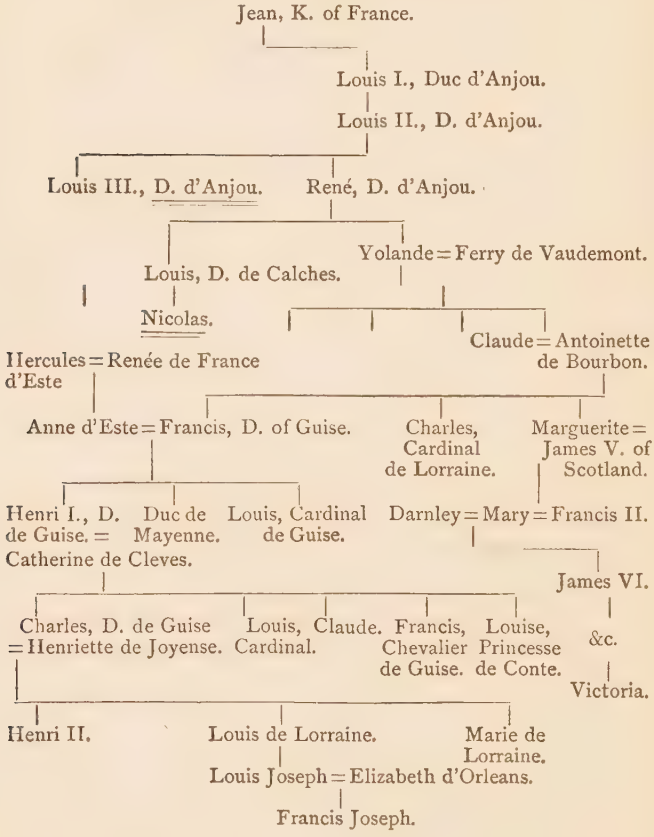
Guy. Paul. Francis. Claude. Marguerite. Francis. Benjamin. d. 1586. Anne = Jacque M. de Mirebeau. Suzanne = Guillaume de Pisuto.

C. de Laval = Anne d'Aligre.
1535—1586.

Guy de Coligny (1).
1584—1605.

(1) Abjured the Protestant faith.

GENEALOGY OF THE GUISES.



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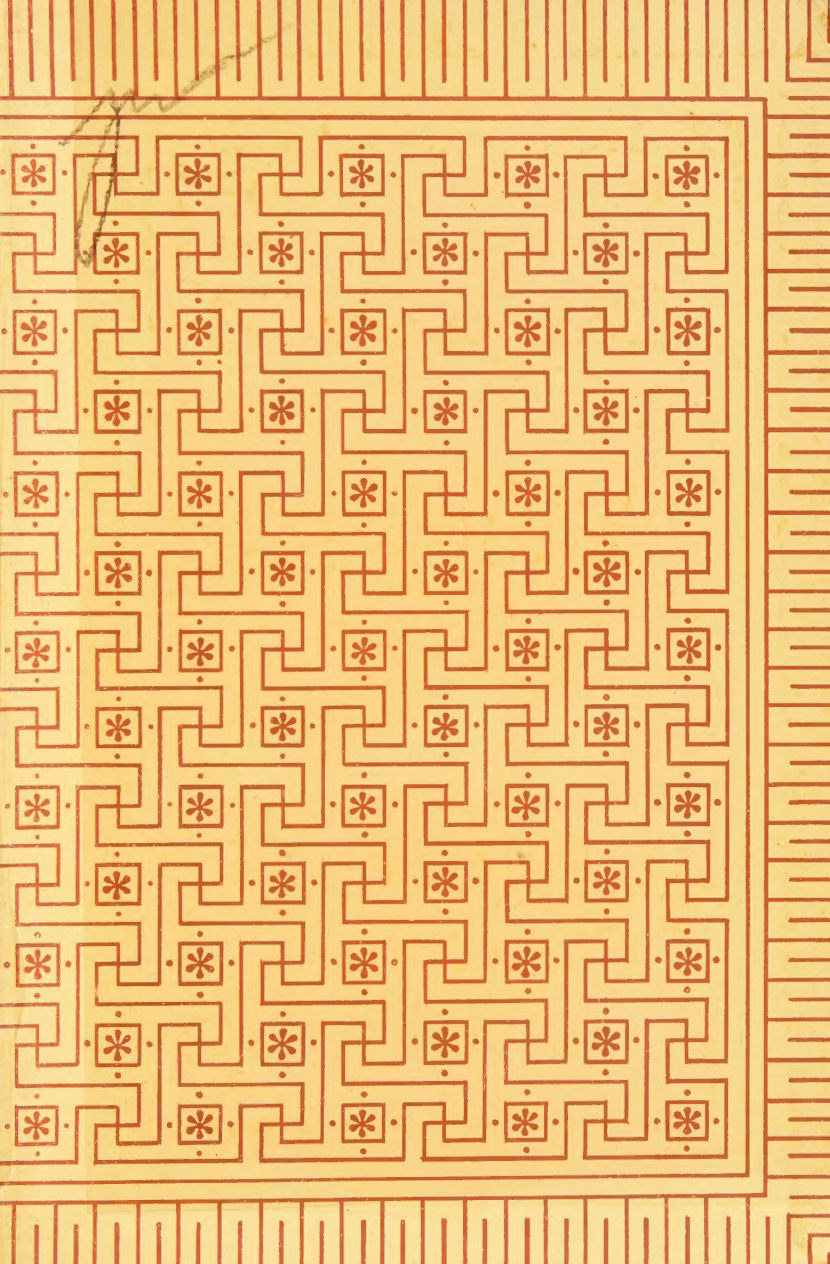

THE NEW PLVTARCH

COLIGNY